THE STAR READER 2

CLASS II

FOR ENGLISH MEDIUM SCHOOLS

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STAR BOOK DEPOT, LAHORE.
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THE STAR READER II

FOR

Class II

Published By

STAR BOOK DEPOT

URDU BAZAR, LAHORE

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FOR

PUNJAB TEXTBOOK BOARD LAHORE

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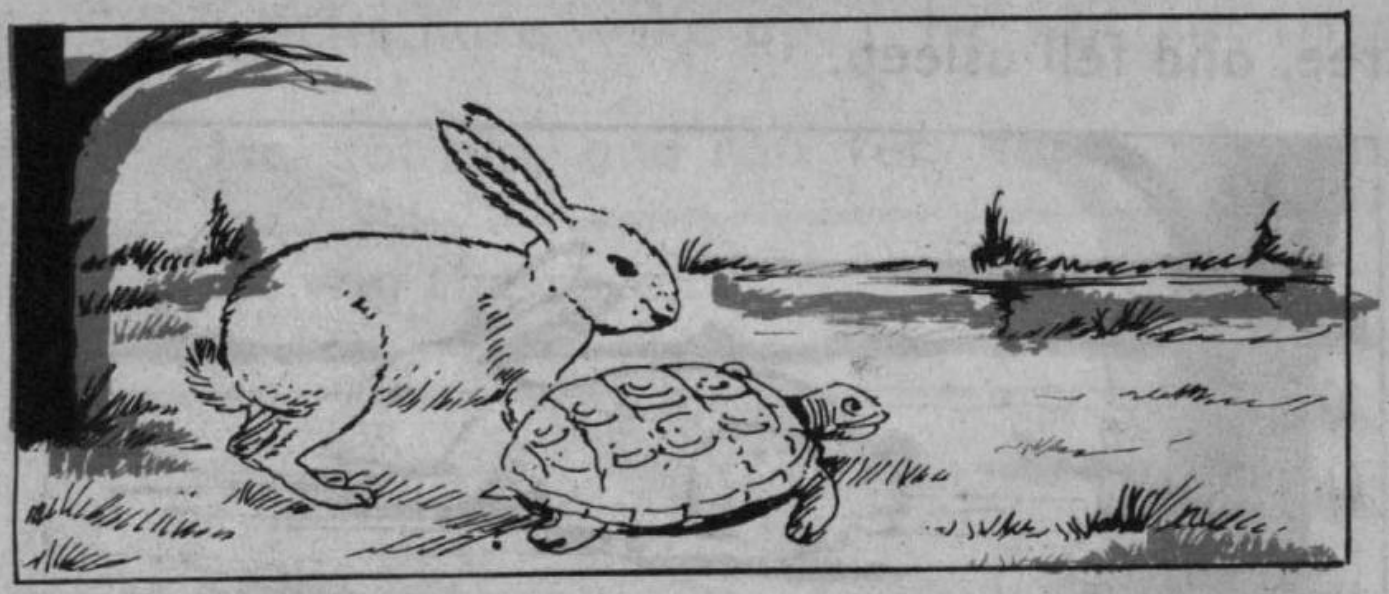
THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE



Once, a hare and a tortoise had a race. Off they went.

Hares can run very, very fast. So the hare soon ran past the tortoise.

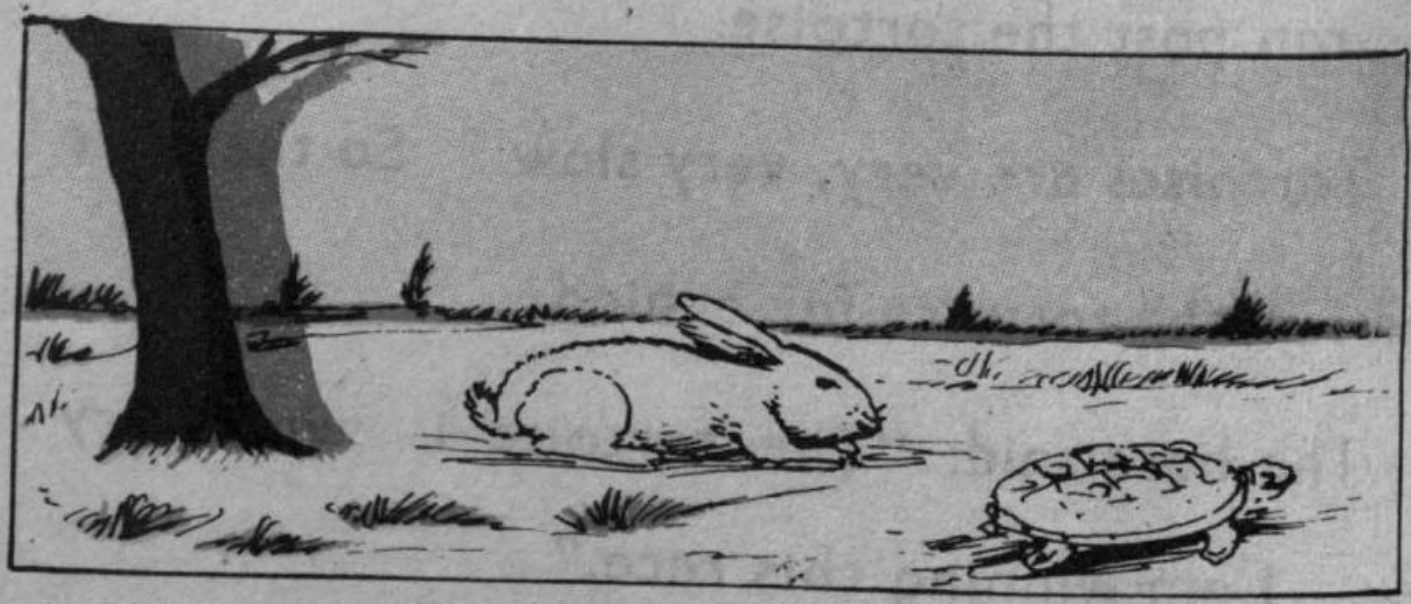
Tortoises are very, very slow. So the hare soon left the tortoise far behind.

The hare said: "The tortoise is very, very slow. I am winning this race."

He was tired. So he lay down under a tree, and fell asleep.

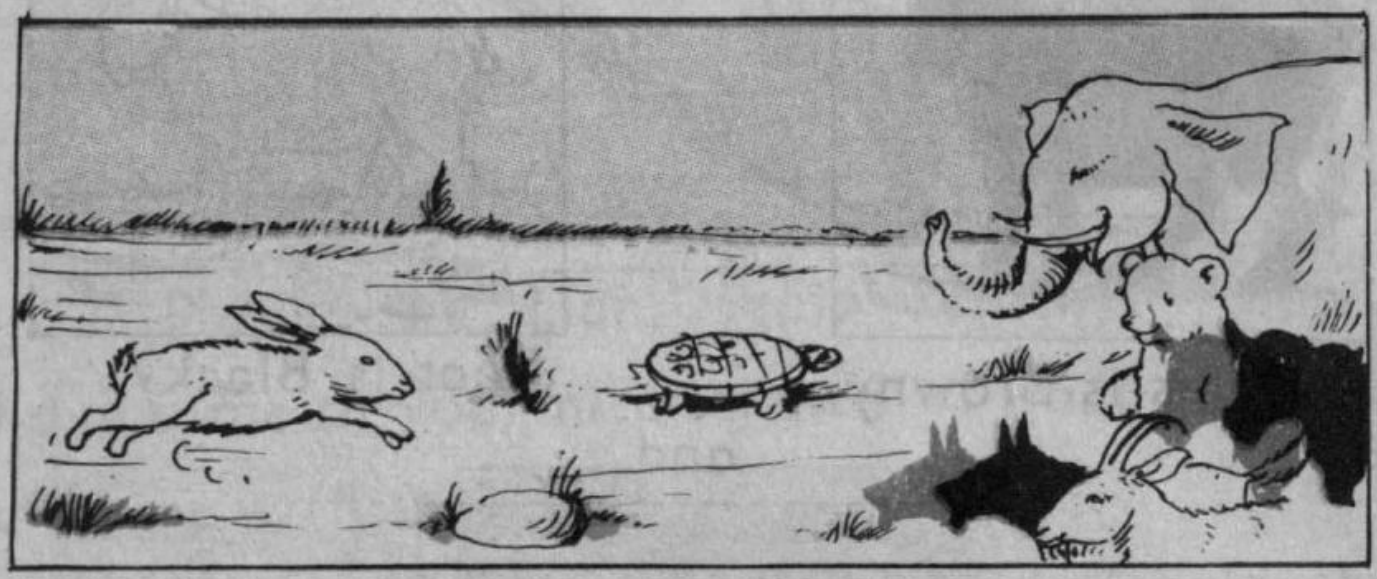
The tortoise said : "The hare can run very, very fast. I am tired, but I must not stop."

He saw the hare asleep under the tree, but



he did not stop. He went on.

Soon the hare woke up. He was not tired now. He got up, and ran very fast. But he could not win the race.

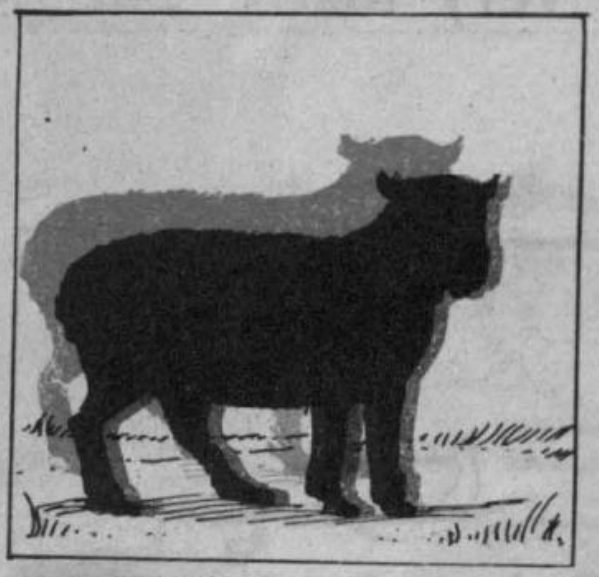


What is happening? Can you see? The tortoise is winning the race, and everyone is cheering.

Well done, tortoise!

THE THREE LITTLE LAMBS

Once there were three little lambs. Their names were Browny, Blacky and Whitey.



This is Browny.

That is Blacky,

and

here is Whitey.

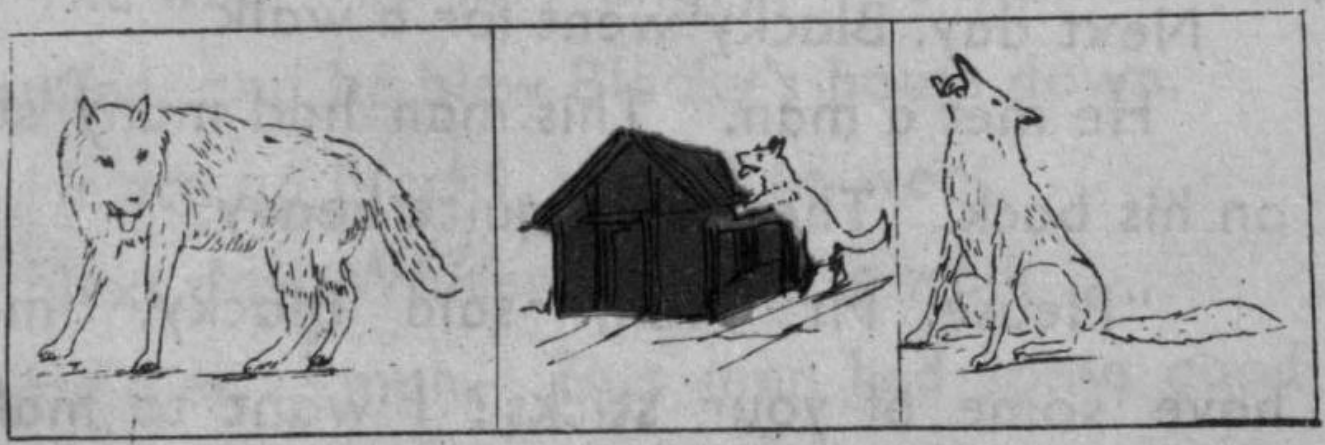
One day, Browny went out for a walk.

He met a man. This man had some straw on his back. It was not very heavy.

'Please, Mr. Man," said Browny, "may have some of your nice straw? I want to make a house with it."

"Certainly you may, little lamb," said the man. He gave Browny some straw.

Browny made his house with the straw.



Then a big wolf came along.

"Little lamb, may I come and live in this nice house?" asked the wolf.

"No, you may not, Mr. wolf," said Browny.

The wolf was angry. He huffed and he puffed,and he blew Browny's house down.

He ate up Browny, and off he went.

Next day, Blacky went for a walk.

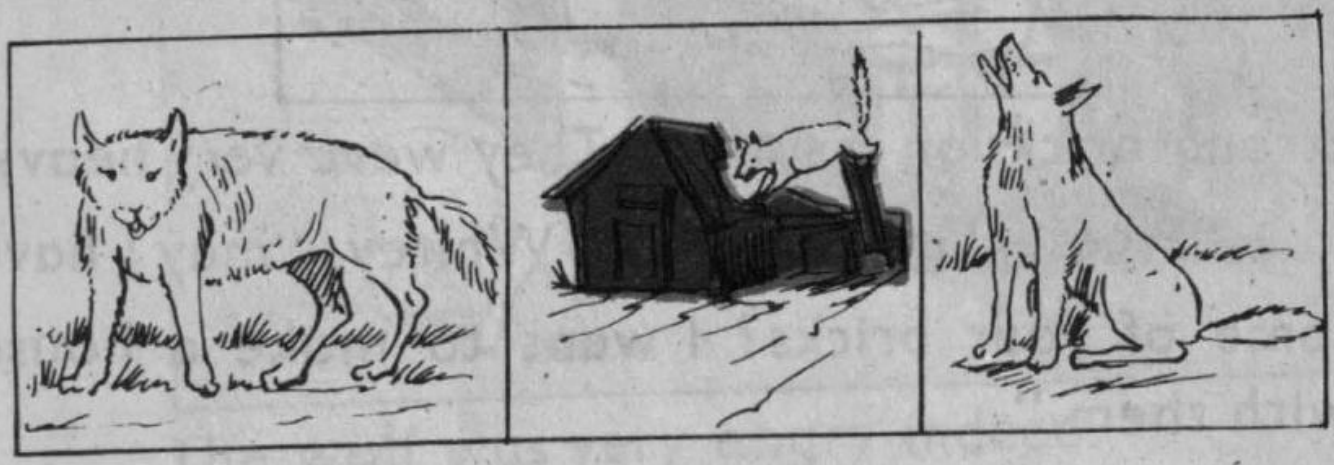
He met a man. This man had many sticks on his back. They were quite heavy.

"Please, Mr. Man," said Blacky, "may I have some of your sticks? I want to make a

house with them."

"Certainly you may, little lamb," said the man. He gave Blacky some sticks, and Blacky made his house.

Then the big wolf came along again.



"Little lamb, may I come and live in this nice house?" said the wolf.

"No, you may not, Mr. wolf," said Blacky.

The wolf was very angry. He huffed and he puffed, and he blew Blacky's house down.

He ate up Blacky, and off he went.

Next day, Whitey went for a walk.

He met a man. This man had some good

strong bricks on his arms. They were very heavy.

"Please, Mr. Man," said Whitey, "may I have some of your bricks? I want to make a house with them."

"Certainly you may, little lamb," said the man.

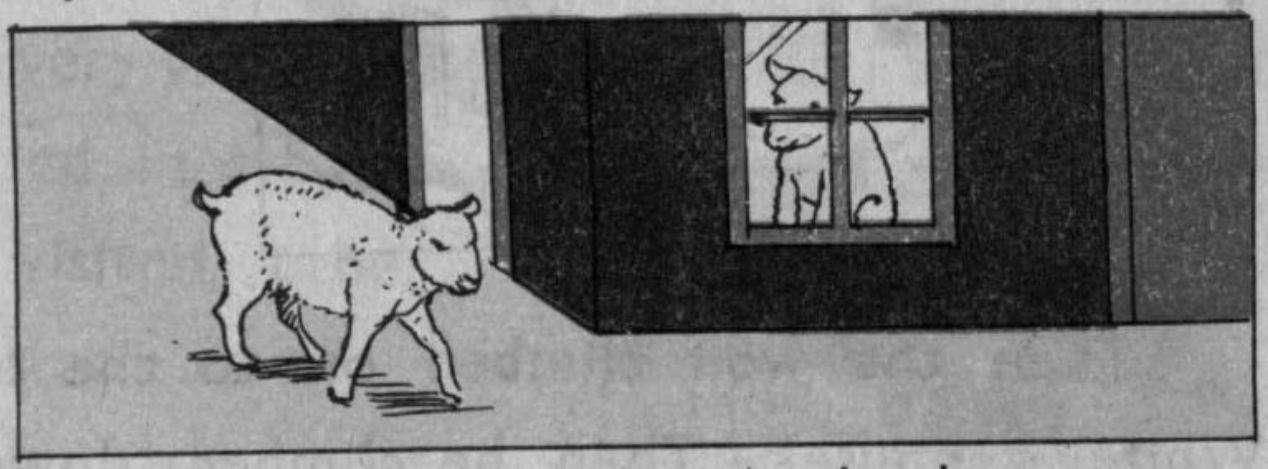
He gave Whitey some good strong bricks.

Whitey made a good strong house with those bricks.

Then the big wolf came along again.

"Little lamb, may I come and live with you in that nice house?" asked the wolf.

"No, you may not, Mr. wolf," said Whitey.



The wolf was very angry indeed.

He huffed and he puffed, he HUFFED and he PUFFED. But he could not blow Whitey's house down. It was a good strong one.

Look at that wolf.

He is very,

very

tired

indeed.

Then the wolf climbed on to the top of Whitey's house. Then he climbed down the chimney. Can you see him?

Whitey saw him, and he made a big hot fire. The wolf fell down the chimney into it. The fire burnt him up.

So that was the end of the wolf.

SINDBAD THE SAILOR

Once, long ago, there was a merchant. He lived in Baghdad. He was a rich merchant, and he lived in a big house. The merchant's name was Sindbad.

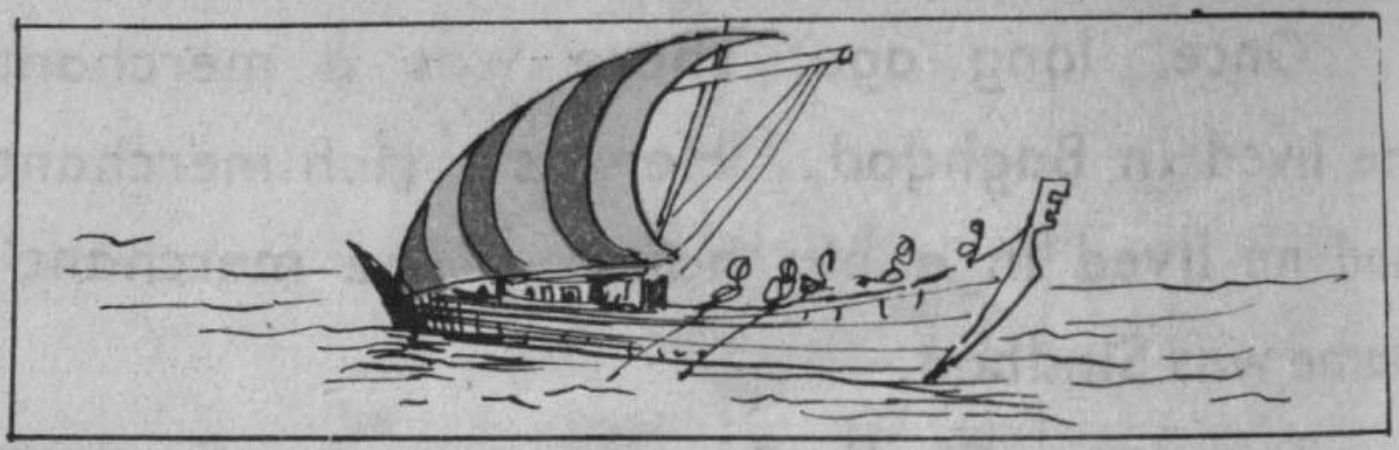
Every year Sindbad went away from Baghdad in a boat, and visited other countries.

He bought beautiful things in these countries and brought them back to Baghdad. In Baghdad he sold these beautiful things to the people, and they gave him their money.

Everyone called him Sindbad the Sailor.

One year, Sindbad went in his boat across the sea to a new country. Many other merchants

went with him.



They came to a beautiful new country. It was full of trees and flowers and little rivers. Fruit grew on the trees. The pretty birds sat in the trees and sang their songs. The bright sun shone.

Sindbad wanted to see this country, so he went for a walk. He went for a long walk. He felt tired, so he lay down under a big green tree. and fell asleep.

After some hours he woke up. He sat up and

The bird sat on the egg, and went to sleep.

Sindbad was very frightened of this big bird. But he said: "The bird is asleep now. I am all alone in this new country. I cannot see any other people. I must go back to my country. Perhaps this big, big bird can carry me there."

So Sindbad sat on the big bird's foot. He held its foot with both hands.

Soon the bird woke up. It flew up into the sky again. It carried Sindbad with it. Can you see him in this picture? He is holding the bird's foot with both hands. He must not fall off, must he?

The big bird flew across the country and

across the sea. It flew a very long way. Sindbad felt very tired, but he said : "I must hold the bird's foot. I must not fall off."

They came to another country. The bird stopped on the top of a tall mountain. Sindbad jumped off, and ran away. The bird did not see him. Soon it flew away again.

Sindbad walked down the mountain, and came to a river. He drank the water from this river. He saw some bright yellow stones in it. He picked them up. They were gold.

Sindbad filled his pockets with these stones. Then off he went again.

Soon he saw some men. They greeted him. "What is your name?" they said.

"I am Sindbad the Sailor," said Sindbad. "I am a merchant. I am alone in this country. My friends went away in a boat. A big bird brought me here. Please help me. I must go back to my country."

"We are also merchants," said the men. "We have a boat. We can help you. Come with us."

Soon they came to the sea.

"Look!" said these men. "There is our boat. Let's all go to your country in it."

Soon they all came to Sindbad's country.

"Thank you, my friends," said Sindbad. "Now come with me to Baghdad. I live there

in a big house. I am a rich merchant. Come and stay with me."

So they all came to Baghdad. Sindbad sold his gold, and the people gave him their money. So he lived in his big house with his new friends, and they were all happy.

SOLOMON GRUNDY

Solomon Grundy,
Born on Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
sick on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday.
That was the end
Of Solomon Grundy.

HANDY PANDY JACK-a-DANDY

Handy-pandy, Jack-a-dandy
Loved plum cake and sugar-candy;
He bought some at a grocer's shop,
And out he came,
hop,
hop,
hop.

THE FLY AND THE LIZARD

What is this ?

This is a fly. His name is Floppy.

How many legs has Floppy ? Can you count them ? How many wings has he ? Can you count them ?

Is Floppy pretty ? No, he is not : he is very ugly.

Is Floppy nice ? No, he is not : he is very nasty.

Flies are nasty. They do not like clean things : they like dirty things.

They are not our friends. They walk on our food and make it dirty. Then the dirty food makes us ill.

What is Floppy doing now ?

He is walking on a little boy's food. The little boy's name is Ali.

Floppy's feet are dirty, and now Ali's food is also dirty.

What is little Ali doing now ?

He is eating his food. But Floppy walked on this food and made it dirty. Ali does not know this.

Now what is happening?

Ali is feeling very ill. He cannot play. He cannot go to school.

He must go to bed.

Little Ali is ill in bed. The doctor is coming to see him.

What is the doctor doing? He is giving Ali some medicine. It is nasty medicine, and Ali does not like it. But he must drink it. He must get well again.

Ali is very unhappy. His Mother and Father are unhappy, too.

WHAT IS THIS?

This is a lizard His name is Licker.

How many legs has Licker got? Can you count them? Licker has a long tail. Can you see it?

Is Licker pretty? No, he is not : he is ugly

Is Licker nice? Yes, he is.

Lizards are bigger They eat flies. They walk on walls and ceilings.

What is Licker doing now ?

He is eating a fly. He is eating FLOPPY !

Floppy made little Ali ill. Does Floppy make Licker ill, too ?

No, he does not. Flies cannot make lizards ill.

Thank you, Licker.

We do not like flies. They are dirty things.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN

Once there was a big city. Its name was Hamelin. Here is a picture of it.

On one side of Hamelin was a deep river. On the other side was a tall mountain.

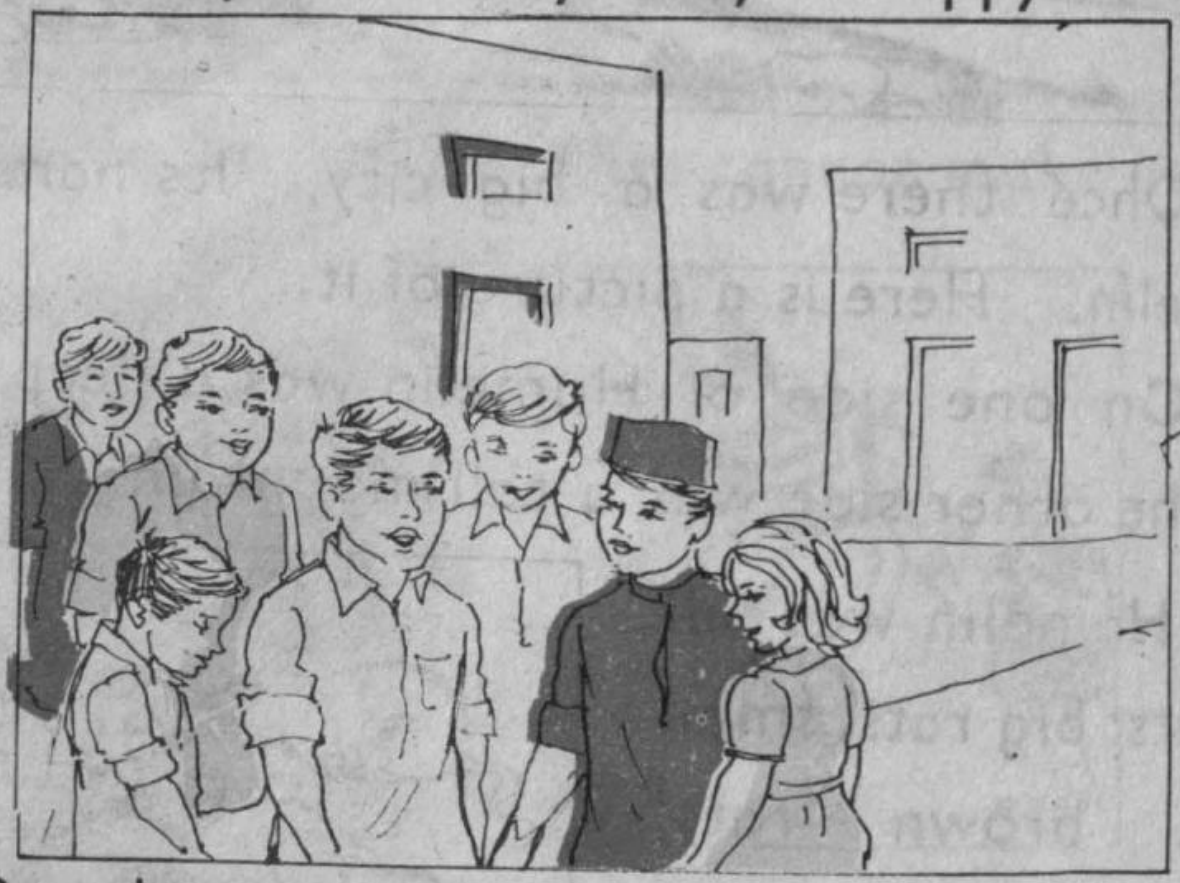
Hamelin was full of rats: big rats, small rats, brown rats, black rats, fat rats and thin hungry ones, brothers and sisters,

uncles and aunts, grandfather rats and grandmother rats.

Here are all the rats.

The rats ate all the food. They killed the cats and dogs, and ate them, too.

The people of Hamelin could not kill the rats. So they were very, very unhappy.



One day, a stranger came to Hamelin. He wore a beautiful long coat. Half the coat was red, and half was yellow.

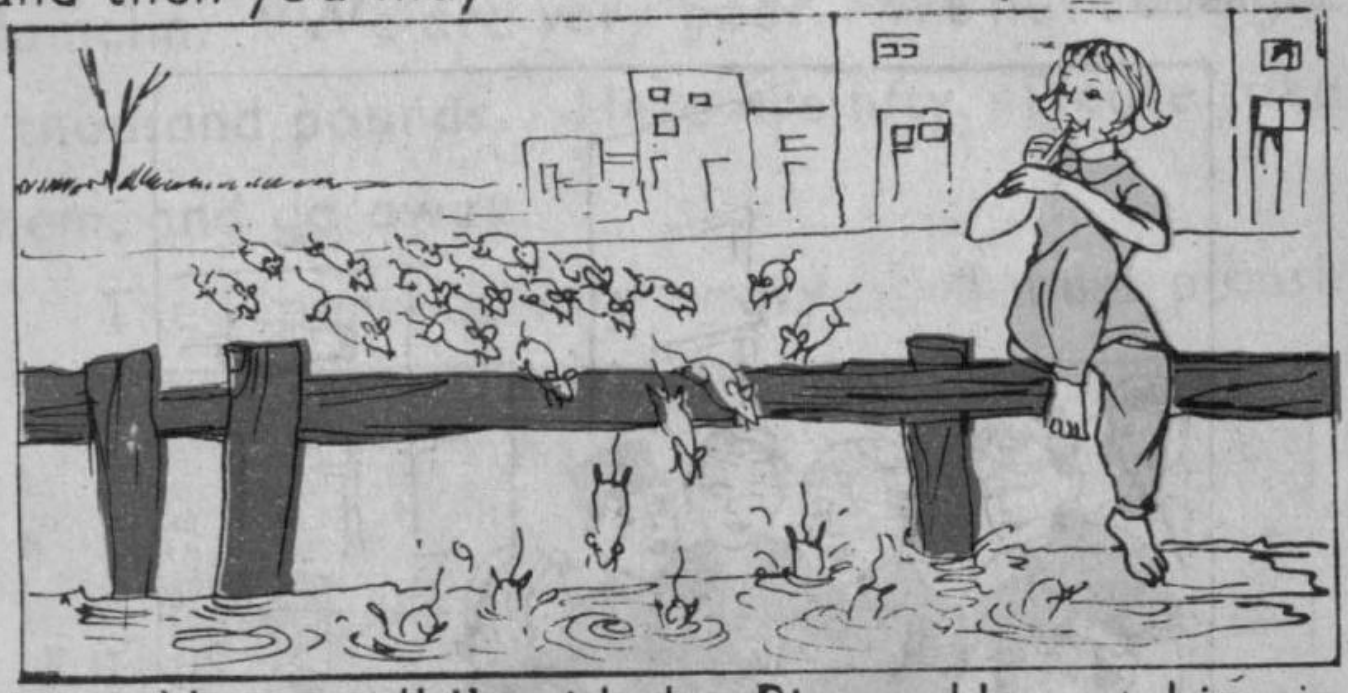
"Stranger, tell us your name," said the people of Hamelin.

"I am the Pied Piper," said the stranger.

"What do you want here?" they asked him.

"I can kill all your rats for you," said the Pied Piper.

"Please do that for us," said all the people, and then you may have a thousand pounds."



"Very well," said the Piper. He put his pipe to his lips, and played a strange little tune.

Soon all the people heard a noise. It was the noise of the rats. They came out of all the

houses and shops.

The Piper walked to the side of the river, and all the rats ran after him.

They came to the side of the river. They fell into it and were killed.

So the people of Hamelin were very very pleased.

They came to the Piper and said: "Here are fifty pounds for you."

The Piper looked at the money, then he looked at the people.

"You promised a thousand pounds," he said, "so now you must give me a thousand pounds."

"We cannot do that," said the people of Hamelin. "We are very poor. We have not got a thousand pounds. Here are fifty. Please take them, and go away."

The Piper was very angry. "I must punish

these bad people," he said.

Now the Piper put his pipe to his lips again, and played another strange little tune.

Soon all the people heard a noise. It was the noise of their children. They came out of all the houses and schools and shops.

The Piper walked to the foot of the tall mountain, and all the children jumped and skipped and ran after him.

A big door opened in the side of the mountain.

The Piper went through this door, and the children went through it after him.

Then the big door shut.

Only one little boy did not run after the Pied Piper.

He came back to Hamelin and told this story to the people.

The people of Hamelin do not make promises to people now. If they make a promise they do as they say it.

They are afraid that the pied piper of Hamelin may not come again with his strange tune and take their children away.

THREE SEASONS

Summer is the time of heat ;
Keep your fans a-turning.
Winter is the time of cold ;
Keep your fires a burning
Pleasant spring comes in between ;
All the land is gay and green.
So laugh, and play, and dance, and sing
in the pleasant time of spring.

AUTUMN

All the leaves, red, yellow, brown,

From the trees have fallen down,
Dry and dead ; but every tree
Is living still, like you or me.

NIGHT

Sleepy head, go to bed !
In the sky the sun is red ;
Gentle breezes blow away
The heat and hurry of the day.
Horse and bullock, goat and cow
Know it is the evening now.
Birds and beasts in field or nest
Know it is time for rest.
Now the dear bright sun is gone ;
And the night-time, coming on,
Whispers to you : "Sleepy head,
I am with you. Go to bed !"

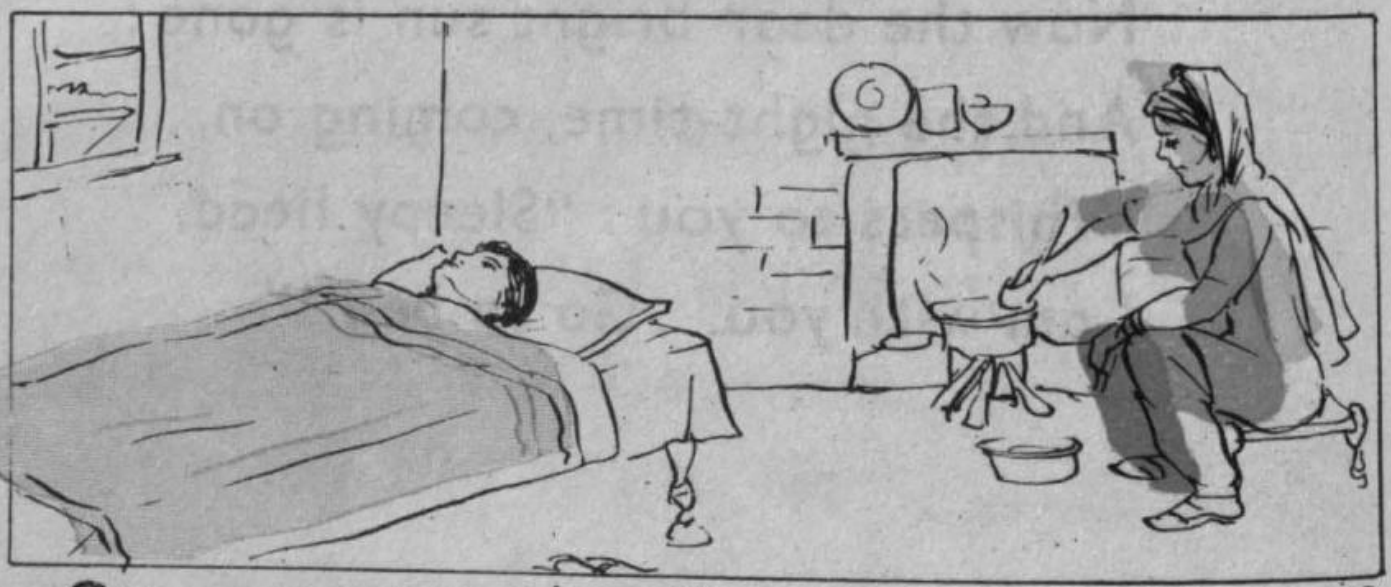
THE NAUGHTY CHAPATTI

Once there was a little old man and a little old woman.

They were very poor.

They lived in a little old house.

Every morning, the little old man lay in his bed. But the little old woman got up. She made a little fire. Then she cooked a chapatti for their breakfast.

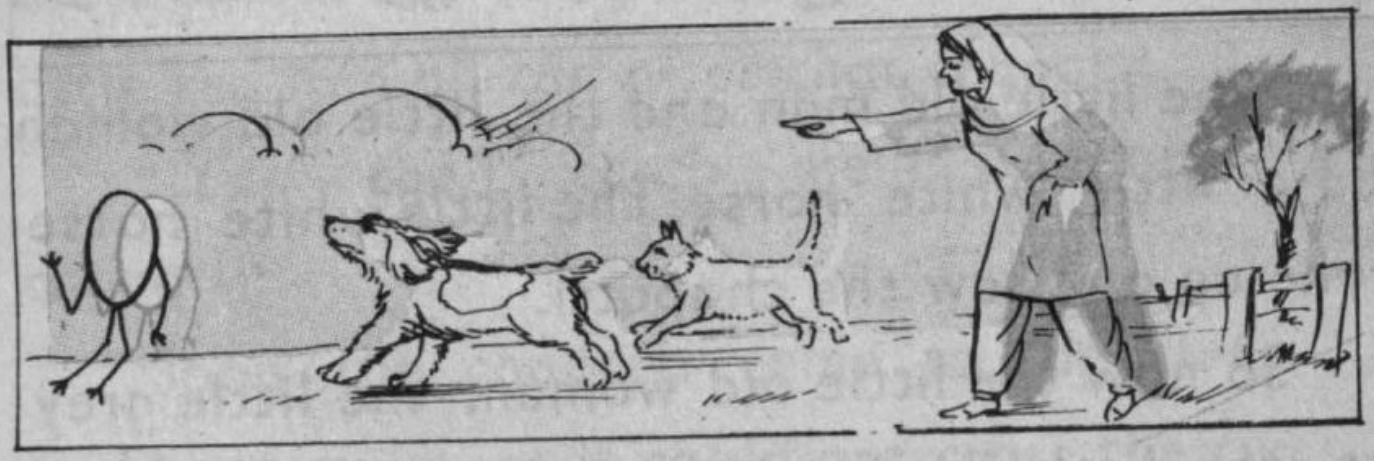


One morning, the chapatti jumped out of the pan on the fire, and ran away.

"You can't catch me !" said the chapatti.

The little old woman ran after the chapatti, but she could not catch it.

The little old woman had a little grey cat. The cat saw the chapatti, and ran after it. But she could not catch it.



The little old man and the little old woman had a little brown dog. The little old man lay in bed, but the little old woman, the little grey

cat, and the little brown dog all ran after the chapatti.

The naughty chapatti laughed.

"You can't catch me !" it said.

And they could not.

The little old man and the little old woman had a little white horse. The little white horse woke up and saw the chapatti.

So now the little old woman, the little grey cat, the little brown dog, and the little white horse all ran after the chapatti.

The chapatti laughed.

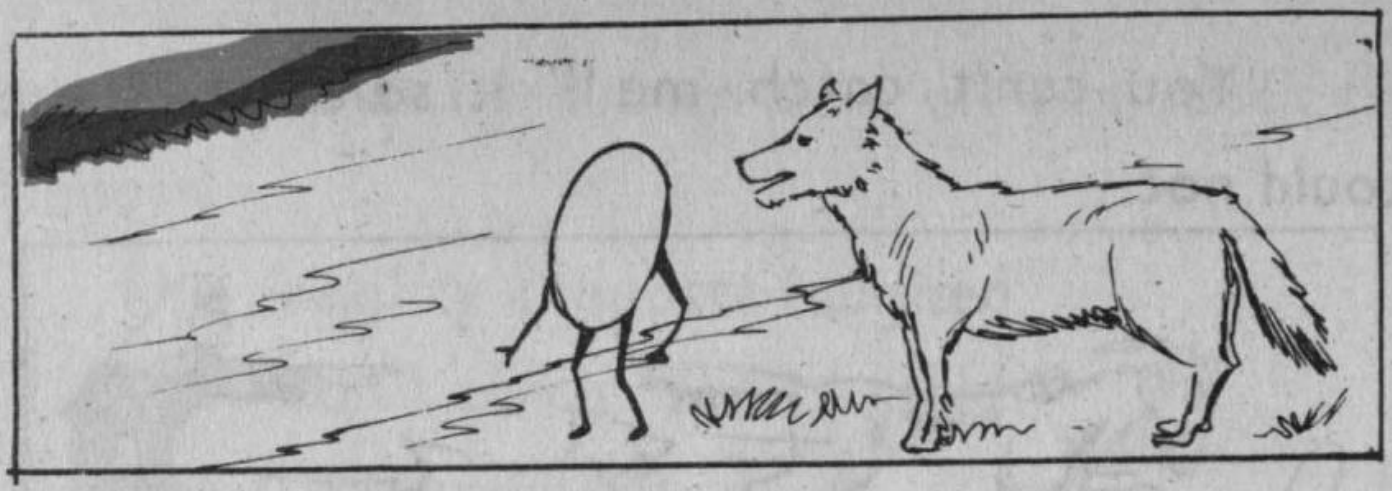
"You can't catch me!" it said. And they could not.

The little old man and the little old woman had a little red hen. The little red hen woke up and saw the naughty chapatti. So now the old woman, the cat, the dog, the horse, and the little red hen all ran after that chapatti.

"You can't catch me!" laughed the chapatti.

Soon the chapatti came to the river. It could not swim, so it could not cross the river.

A fox also came to the river. It saw the chapatti standing there.



"What are you doing here?" asked the fox.

"I am running away from the little old woman, the little grey cat, the little brown dog, the little white horse, and the little red hen," said the chapatti. "They cannot catch me. But I cannot swim across this river."

"Climb on my back," said the clever fox. "I can swim. I can carry you across this river."

So the naughty chapatti climbed on the

fox's back. Into the river they went.

The water in the river was deep. The naughty chapatti did not like this deep water.

"Climb on my head," said the fox. The chapatti did so. On they went.

The water in the river was now very deep. The chapatti did not like this very deep water.

"Climb on my nose," said the clever fox.

The chapatti did so.

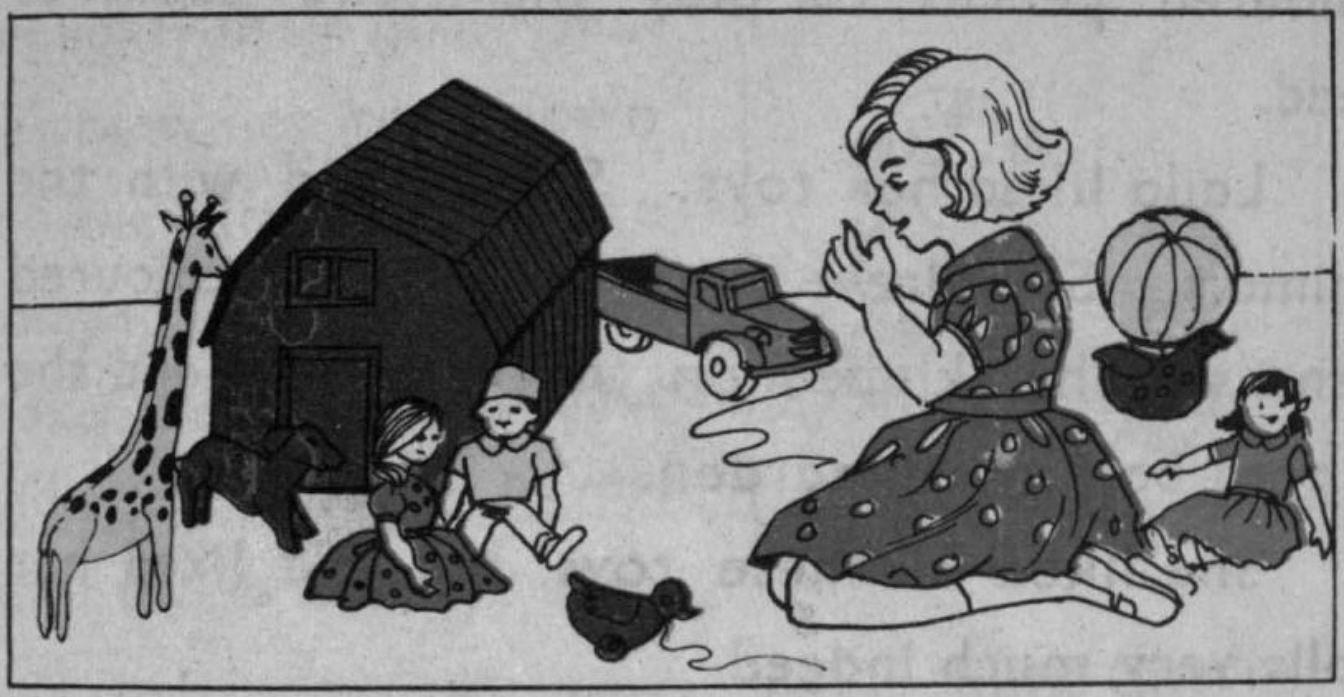
The fox opened his mouth.

GULP !! GULP !!!

The clever fox ate the chapatti up.

And that was the end of the naughty chapatti.

LAILA AND HER DOLL CHERRY



Once there was a little girl, and her name was Laila.

Her Father and Mother were rich people, and they gave their little girl many toys and presents.

She had dolls, and a doll's house, a doll's pram, a doll's bed, and clothes for all the dolls.

She had toy animals and toy cars, and a skipping rope.

She had beautiful coloured balls and coloured pencils to play with, and books to read.

Laila liked her toys. She played with the animals. She drew pictures with the coloured pencils. She skipped on the verandah, and she played ball in the garden.

She liked all these toys, but she liked her dolls very much indeed.

Laila had many dolls : walking dolls and talking dolls; little brown dolls and big pink and white dolls ; dolls with dark eyes and black hair, and dolls with blue eyes and golden hair.

She loved them all.

But she loved one doll very, very much indeed. This doll had red cheeks, beautiful brown eyes, and long golden hair. Its name was Cherry.

Sometimes Laila was a naughty little girl. Then she threw her toys down on the floor. She stamped on them, and broke them. She shouted and cried. But she never, never threw Cherry on the floor, and she never never hurt Cherry and never broke her.

One day Laila was very naughty indeed. She threw a doll on the floor, and shouted and cried.

Laila's Mother was very angry with her.

"You are a very naughty little girl," she said. "I must punish you."

What did Mother do?

She gave Laila no tea and no supper.

She took Laila to her bedroom, and put her to bed. She shut the door and went away. She left Laila there alone.

And she took Cherry, Laila's beautiful doll, away with her.

Laila was left alone in bed.

She cried and cried. She wanted her beautiful doll, but Cherry was not there.

Now it was night time, and the bedroom was very dark. Laila was very unhappy and

she was also frightened.

She wanted her Mother, but her Mother did not come to her.

Suddenly there was a little light in the bedroom.

Laila sat up in her bed. She stopped crying, and looked. What did she see?

She saw a funny little man. He was twelve inches tall, and had a long nose and quite big ears. He wore a funny little cap.

There he was at the foot of her bed.

"Little girl, why are you crying?" said the funny little man.

"My Mother took Cherry away with her," said Laila. "I love her very much, and I want her now."

"Were you a naughty little girl?" asked the funny little man.

"yes, I was," said Laila, "but I am sorry now."

"Get out of bed," said the little man, "and put on your clothes." Laila did so.

"Now go into the garden," said the little man. "Cherry is waiting for you there."

Laila went into the garden. Cherry was there.

"Dear Cherry, please come back to bed with me now," said Laila. Cherry looked at her.

"No, I cannot come with you, Laila," she said. "You are a naughty little girl. You throw dolls on the floor. You hurt us and break us. You make us very unhappy. So we are all going away from you, and I am going, too."

Little Laila was very unhappy now. She cried and cried.

"Dear Cherry, please, please do not go away," she said. "I love you. I love all my dolls, but I love you very much. Please do not go away."

All the dolls were in the garden now.

"Little Laila," they said, "you must not throw us on the floor again. You must not hurt

us and break us. We love you, but you must not be naughty again. Please promise this."

Laila stopped crying. She promised. Then all the dolls went into the house again.

The garden was empty.

In the morning, Laila woke up. In the bed beside her was Cherry. She was still asleep.

Laila kissed her doll, and said, "I love all my dolls, and I love you, Cherry, very much indeed."

And Laila was never naughty again.

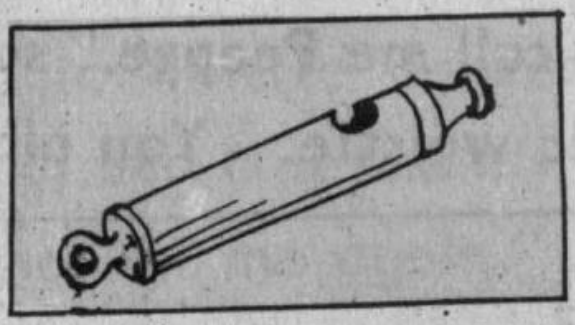
THE MAGIC WHISTLE

Once there was a little boy. His name was Ali, and he was eight years old.

His Parents were poor people. His Father had a little shop in the market. He was a shopkeeper and did not get much money.

But he loved his little son very much, and sometimes bought him little presents in the market.

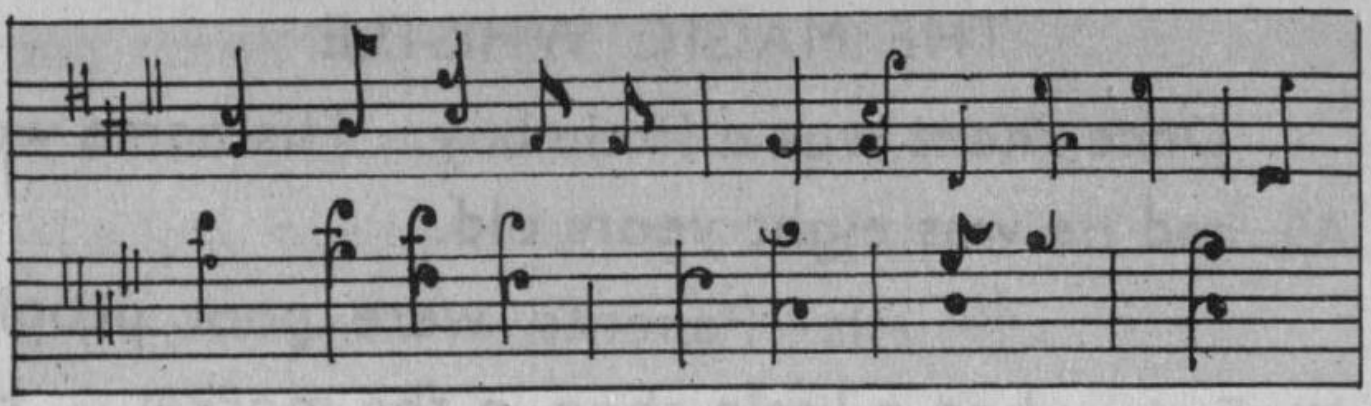
One day his Father bought him a whistle.



Ali was very pleased with his present. It was a fine whistle. Every day he played with it, and soon he could play little tunes.

One day he played a little tune On it

He liked this little tune. So he played it



again, and again.

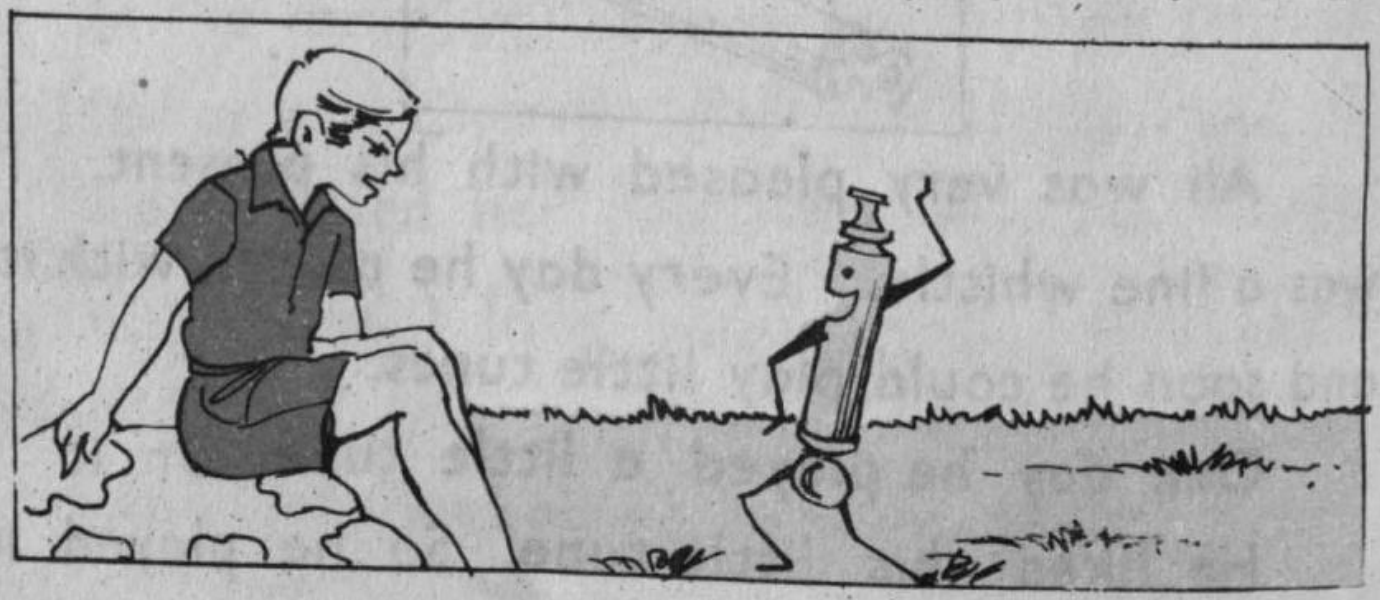
Then suddenly the whistle spoke to Ali.

Ali was very surprised, and pleased.

"Little boy," said the whistle, "please tell me your name."

"My name is Ali," said the little boy.

"You may call me Peepee," said the whistle. "I am a magic whistle. You played my magic



tune You play that tune, and I can do something for you."

"Dance for me, whistle," said Ali.

"Very well," said the whistle. "But you must say:

MAGIC PEEPEE,

PLEASE DANCE FOR ME."

"Magic Peepee, please dance for me," said Ali.

So the magic whistle danced for Ali. He was very pleased, and clapped his hands.

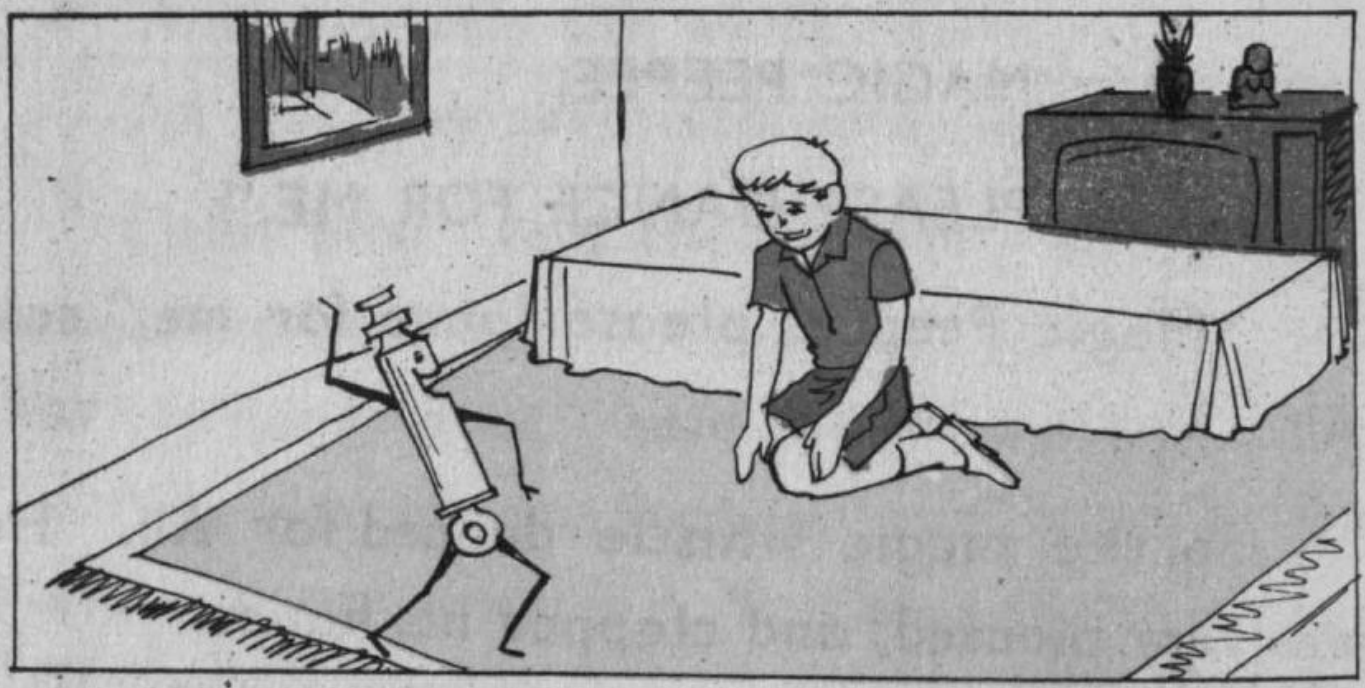
"Please dance for me again," he said.

"Very well," said the whistle, "but now you must say :

PLEASE, MAGIC PEEPEE,
DANCE AGAIN FOR ME."

Ali said this, and then the magic whistle danced for him again. The little boy was very pleased, and clapped his hands again and again.

That night, he put Peepee, his magic whistle, under his pillow, and went to bed.



In the night, Ali woke up. He took the magic whistle from under his pillow, and played the magic tune.

Peepee woke up.

"What do you want, Ali ?" it said.

"Please, magic whistle," said Ali, "let's fly to the moon and the sun and stars. Can you do that for me ?"

"Yes, I can," said the whistle, "but you must say : 'O SUN AND STARS AND MOON

HEAR THE MAGIC TUNE :

WE ARE COMING SOON'."

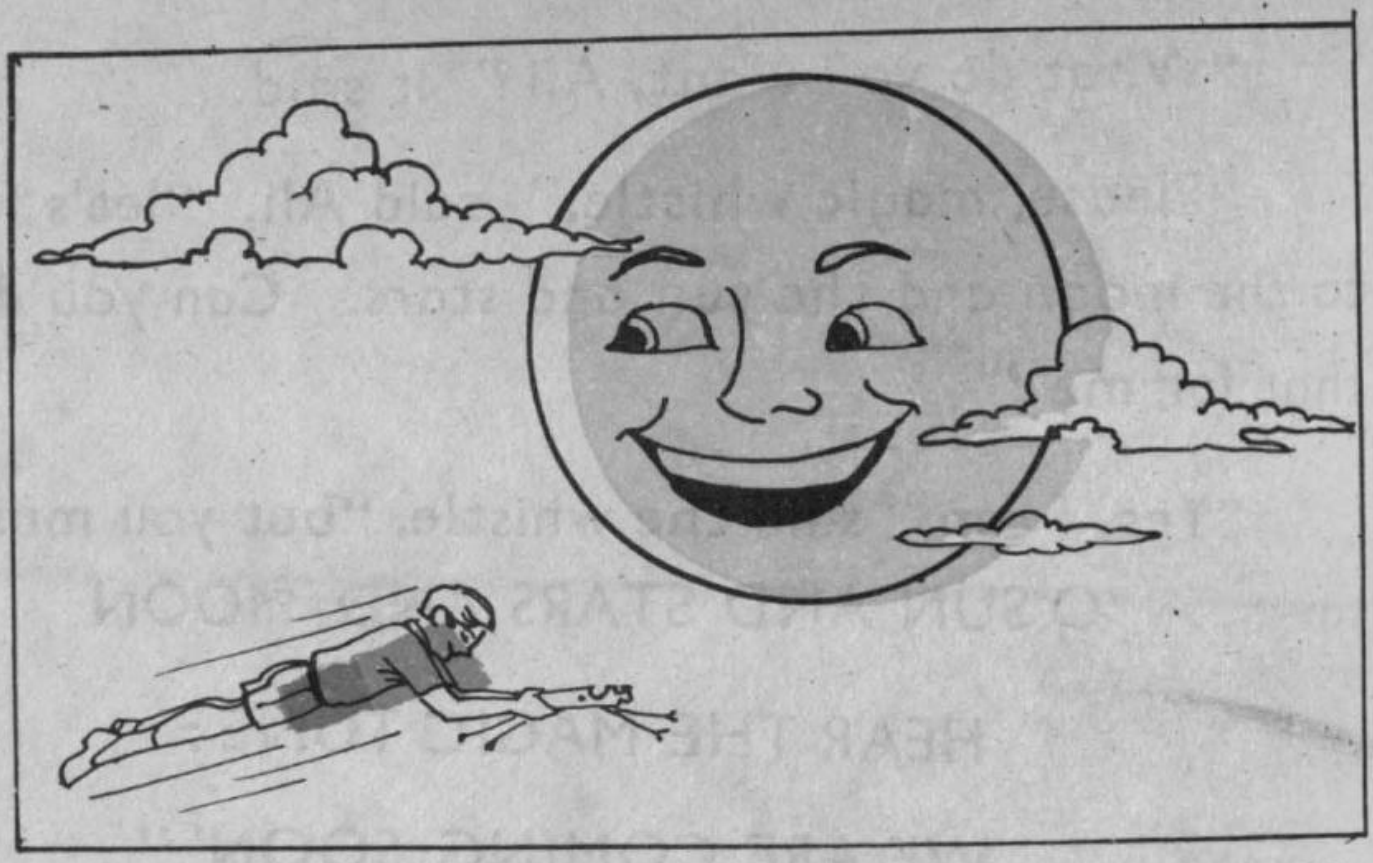
Ali said this, and off they flew.

"We must go to the moon first," said Peepee.

Soon they came to the moon. It was bright and beautiful. It had many tall mountains.

"I cannot see any children here," said Ali.

"There are no children here on the moon," said Peepee. "There is only one old man here.



"He must be the Man in the Moon," said Ali. Let's go and find him."

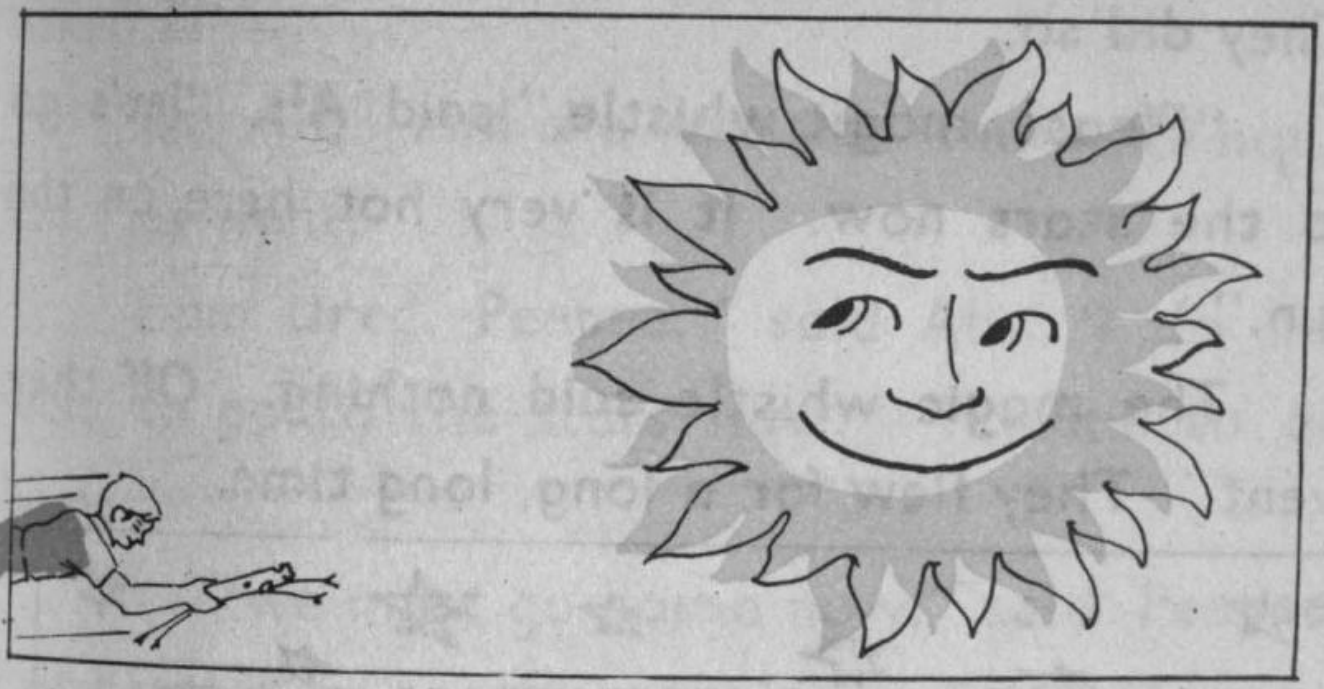
So off they went, but they could not find the old Man in the Moon.

"Let's play together here, Peepee," said Ali. They did so.

"I like the moon," said Ali, "but it is very cold."

"Let's go to the sun now," said Peepee. "It is nice and hot there."

So off they flew again.



Soon they came to the sun. It was beautiful, too, and very bright, and it was nice and hot. But it had no tall mountains, and no deep rivers.

"I cannot see any children here," said Ali.

"There are no children on the sun," said the magic whistle. "There is only one old woman here."

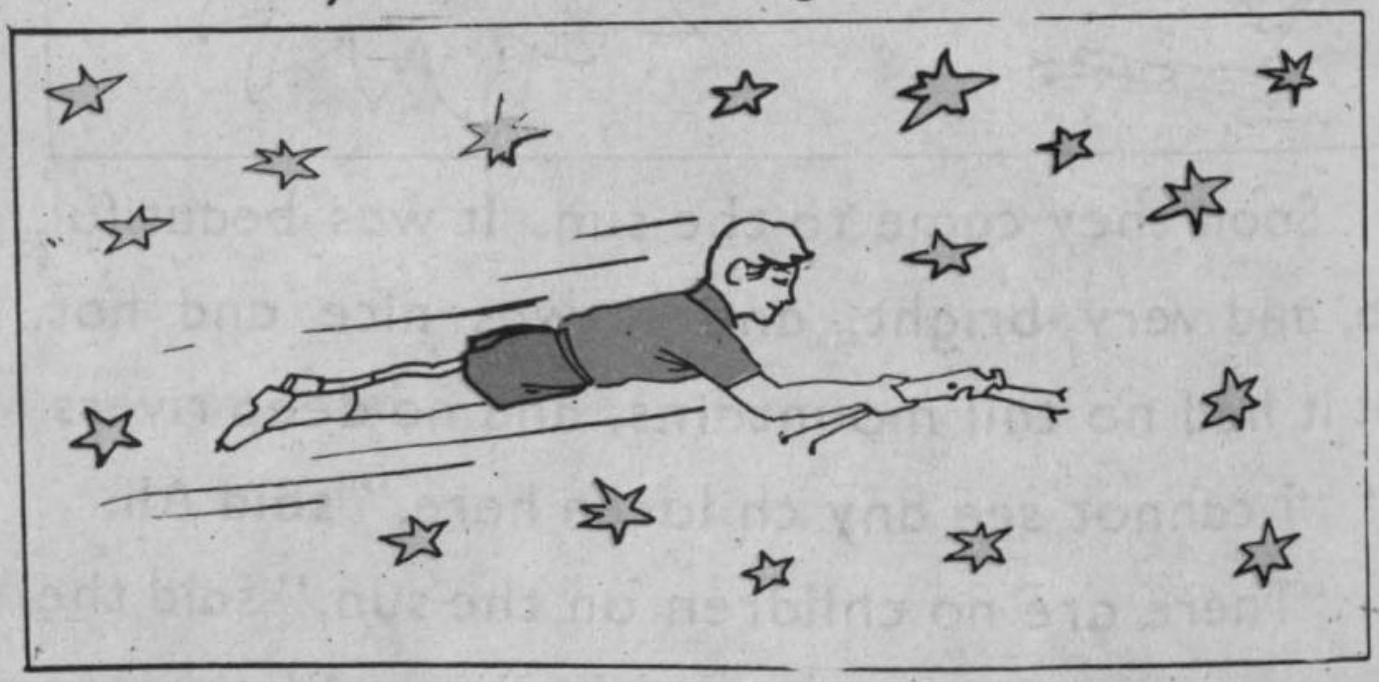
"Let's go and see her," said Ali.

So off they went. But they could not find the Old Woman in the Sun.

"Let's play together here, Peepee," said Ali. They did so.

"Please, magic whistle," said Ali, "let's go to the stars now. It is very hot here on the sun."

The magic whistle said nothing. Off they went. They flew for a long, long time.



"The stars are very beautiful," said Ali. "I can see them shining and twinkling. But they are very far away."

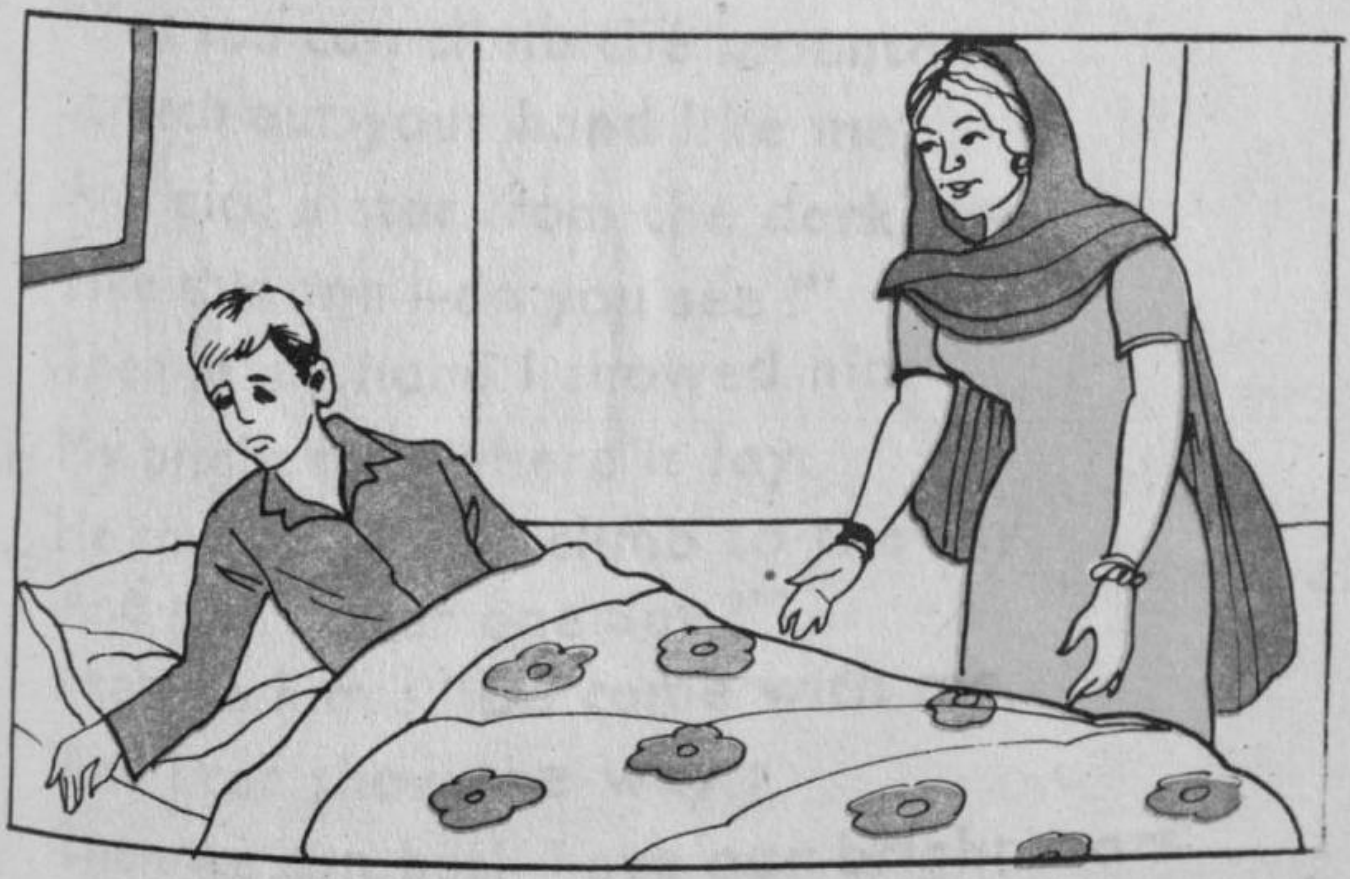
"Yes," said the whistle, "they are very, very far away, little Ali."

"Are there any children on the stars?" asked Ali.

"No, Ali," said the whistle, "there are not." On they went.

"I am tired, Peepee," said Ali. "I do not want to go to the stars now. I want to go home."

"Yes, we must go home now," said Peepee. "At home it is nearly morning. Your Mother



is coming into your room. I can see her. It is time to get up."

Suddenly little Ali woke up. He was in his bed at home. His Mother came into the room.

"It is time to get up, Ali," she said.

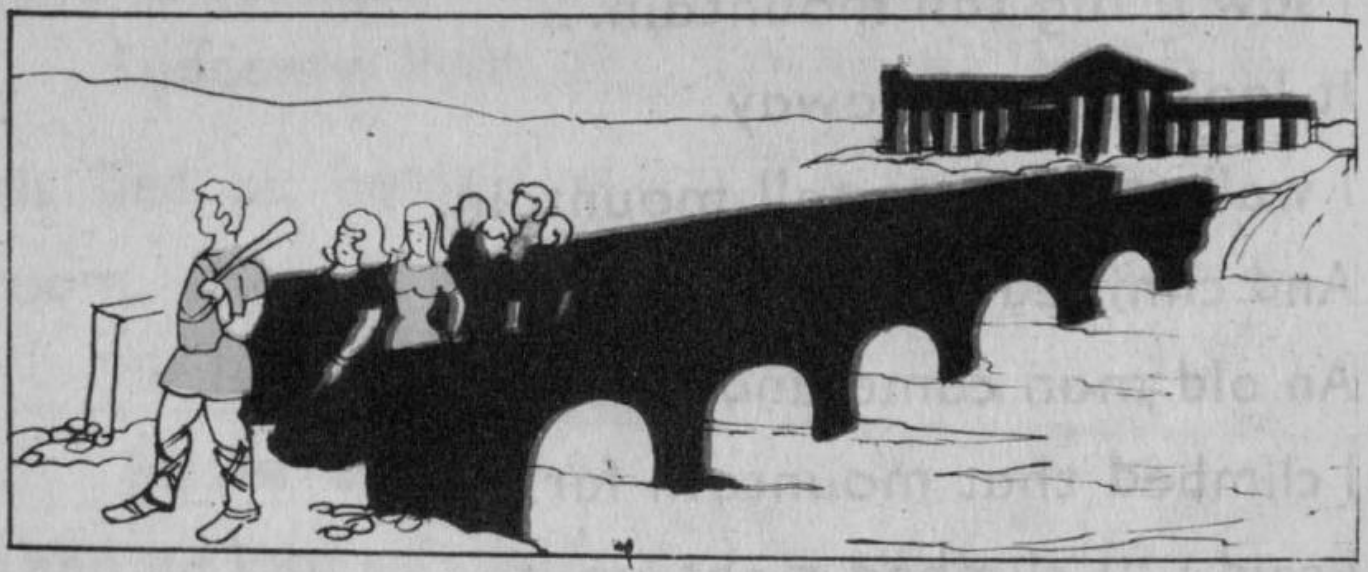
Ali sat up in bed, and kissed his Mother. Then he looked under his pillow.

But the magic whistle was not there.

THE DREAM

I saw a big tall mountain.
It looked so far away.
I walked to that tall mountain,
And climbed it in a day.
An old man came and asked me why
I climbed that mountain far.
I said : "I climbed right up it
And picked a shining star."
"You too can climb the mountain,
Stretch out your hand like me,
And pick a star from the dark sky
Like this one---do you see ?"
Then in my hand I showed him
My bright star where it lay.
He said : "Could I climb to the sky
And pick a star one day ?"
I said to him : "Do come with me,
And I can show the way ;
Then we can both have our bright stars
Though they are far away."

THE STORY OF A BRAVE SOLDIER



Here is a picture of a bridge. A river runs under the bridge. People are walking across it

They cannot swim across the river. It is wide and deep, and the water runs very fast. But they can go from one side of the river to the other side across the bridge.

The name of the river in this picture is the Tiber.

You can also see a city. Its name is Rome. The people on the bridge are Romans. Rome is a long way from Pakistan.

Here is a story about this bridge.

Once, long ago, an army came to Rome. They were the Tuscans. They wanted to capture the city.

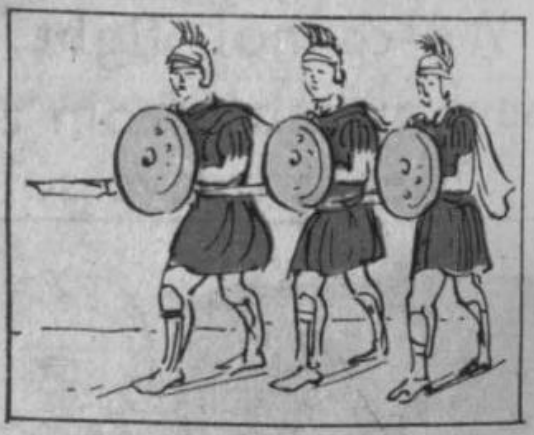
The Romans were frightened. They said: "We cannot fight these Tuscans. We cannot save our city from them."

Then a brave soldier stood up. His name

was Horatius.

"I can save the city," he said. "I and two other soldiers can stand at that end of the

bridge. We can fight the enemy there. You can cut down the bridge at this end with your axes. Then the enemy cannot cross the bridge. They cannot swim across the river. So they cannot come into our city and capture it."



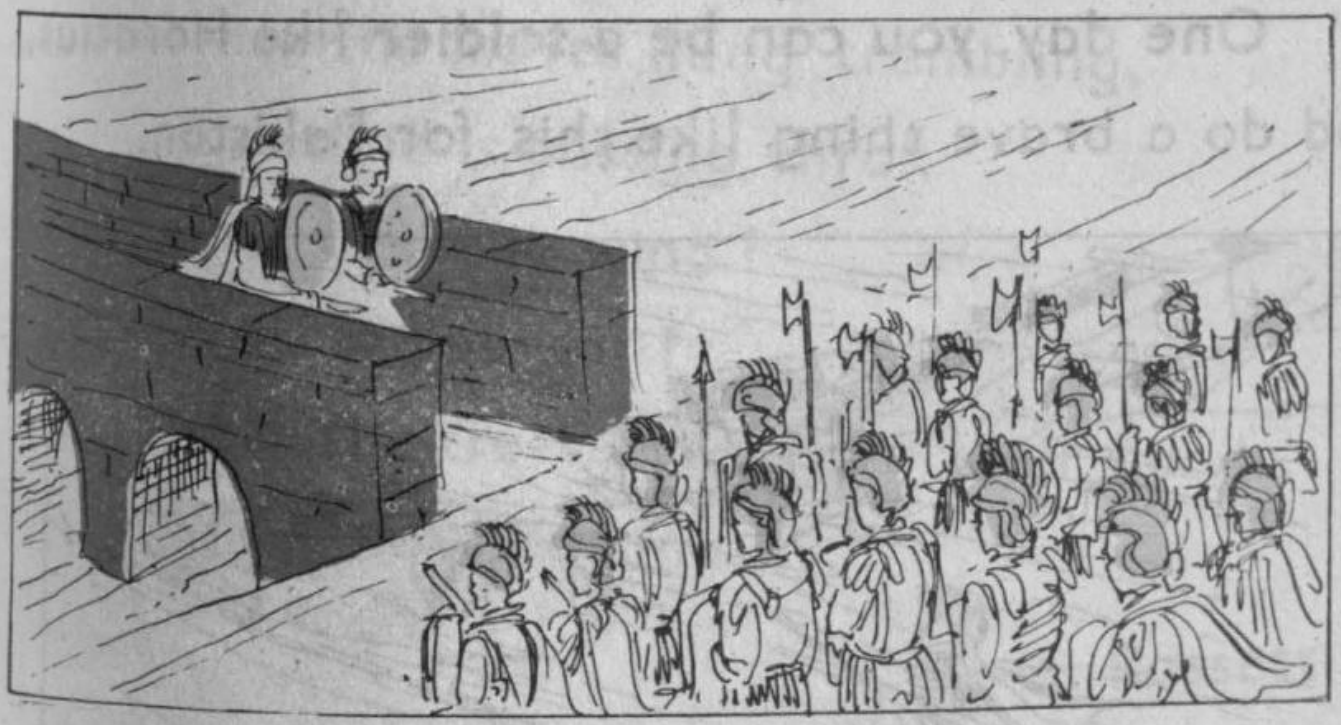
Then Horatius went across the bridge, and two other soldiers went with him. They had swords and shields.

The three men stood together at the end of the bridge. They fought the enemy there all day, and killed many of them.

The enemy hurt them but they could not kill them, and they could not cross the bridge.

Behind them, the Romans cut down the bridge with their axes. Then Horatius sent the other two soldiers back to the Romans.

Now he fought the enemy alone.



Suddenly the bridge fell into the river.

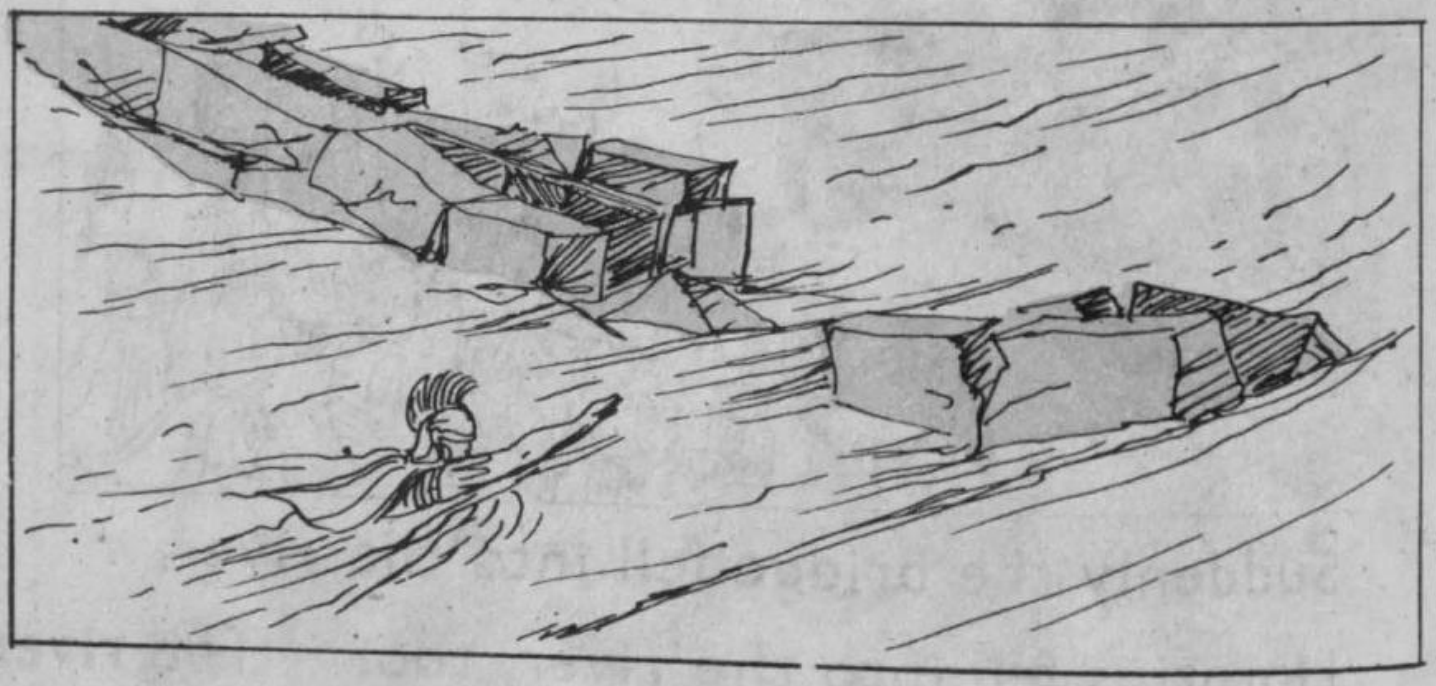
Horatius fell into the river, too. The river was wide and deep, and the water ran very fast. Horatius was tired and hurt, but he swam across the river.

He was saved, and Rome was also saved.

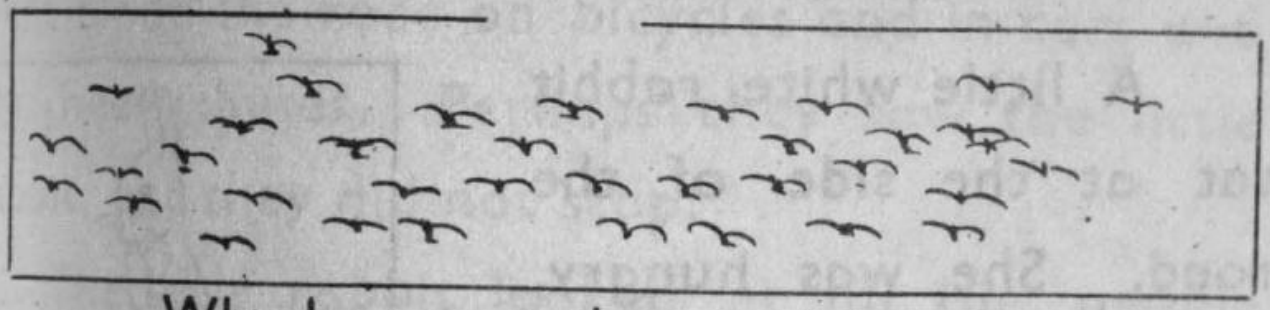
Horatius was a brave man. The Romans said this, and the Tuscans said this, too. They all cheered him.

Pakistan has many brave soldiers like Horatius. They also do brave things.

One day, you can be a soldier like Horatius, and do a brave thing like this for Pakistan.



WHO HAS SEEN THE WIND?



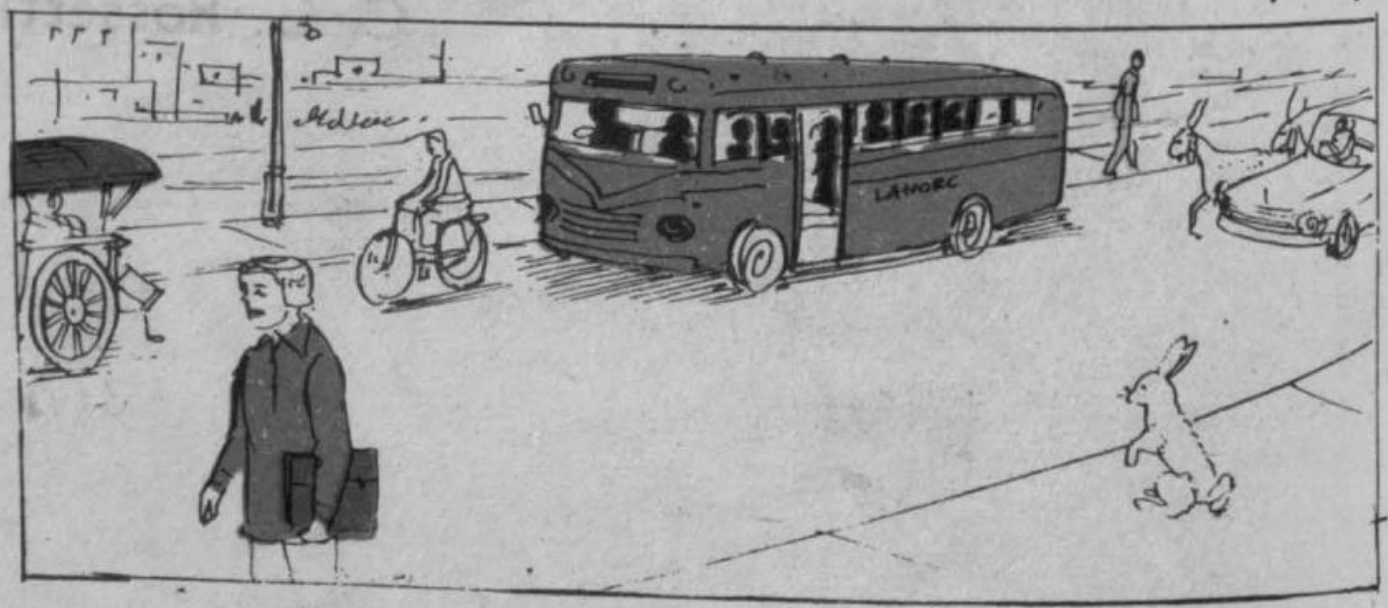
Who has seen the wind?
Neither I nor you:
But when the leaves hang trembling,
The wind is passing thro'.
Who has seen the wind?
Neither you nor I:
But when the trees bow down their heads,
The wind is passing by.

C. G. Rossetti

THE LITTLE WHITE RABBIT

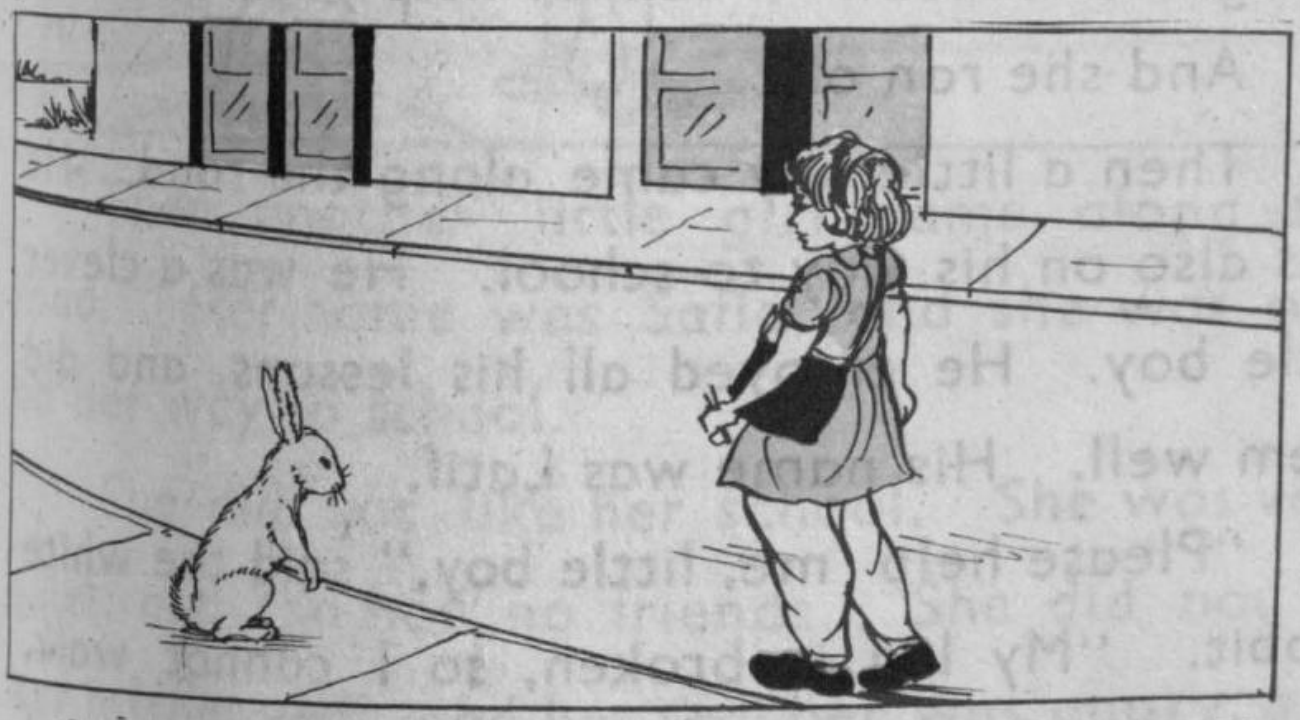
A little white rabbit sat at the side of the road. She was hungry, but there was nothing for her to eat. She was thirsty, but there was nothing for her to drink. Her leg was broken, and she could not walk.

People walked along the road, but they did not see the little rabbit. There were goats and bullocks, and horses with their tongas; but they did not see the little rabbit. Some people



went along the road on bicycles and in cars and big, heavy buses. Perhaps they saw the little rabbit, but they did not stop.

The little rabbit looked at all the people and all the animals with big, brown, unhappy eyes.



Soon a little girl came along the road. She was on her way to school. She was a very pretty little girl, and her name was Parveen.

"Please help me, little girl," said the white rabbit. "My leg is broken, and I cannot walk.

And I am hungry and thirsty."

Parveen saw the little white rabbit, but she did not stop.

"Little rabbit," she said, "I am very sorry for you. But I must not stop here. I must go straight to school. I cannot help you."

And she ran off.

Then a little boy came along the road. He was also on his way to school. He was a clever little boy. He enjoyed all his lessons, and did them well. His name was Latif.

"Please help me, little boy," said the white rabbit. "My leg is broken, so I cannot walk. And I am hungry and thirsty."

Latif saw the little white rabbit, but he did not stop.

"Little rabbit," he said, "I am very sorry for you. But I must not stop here. I must go

straight to school. I cannot help you."

And he ran off, too.

Then another little girl came along the road. Her name was Safia, and she was also on her way to school.

She did not like her school. She was very quiet, and she had no friends. She did not do her lessons well, and her teacher was angry with her.

But every day her mother said, "Safia, you must go to school and do your lessons."

Safia saw the little white rabbit. She

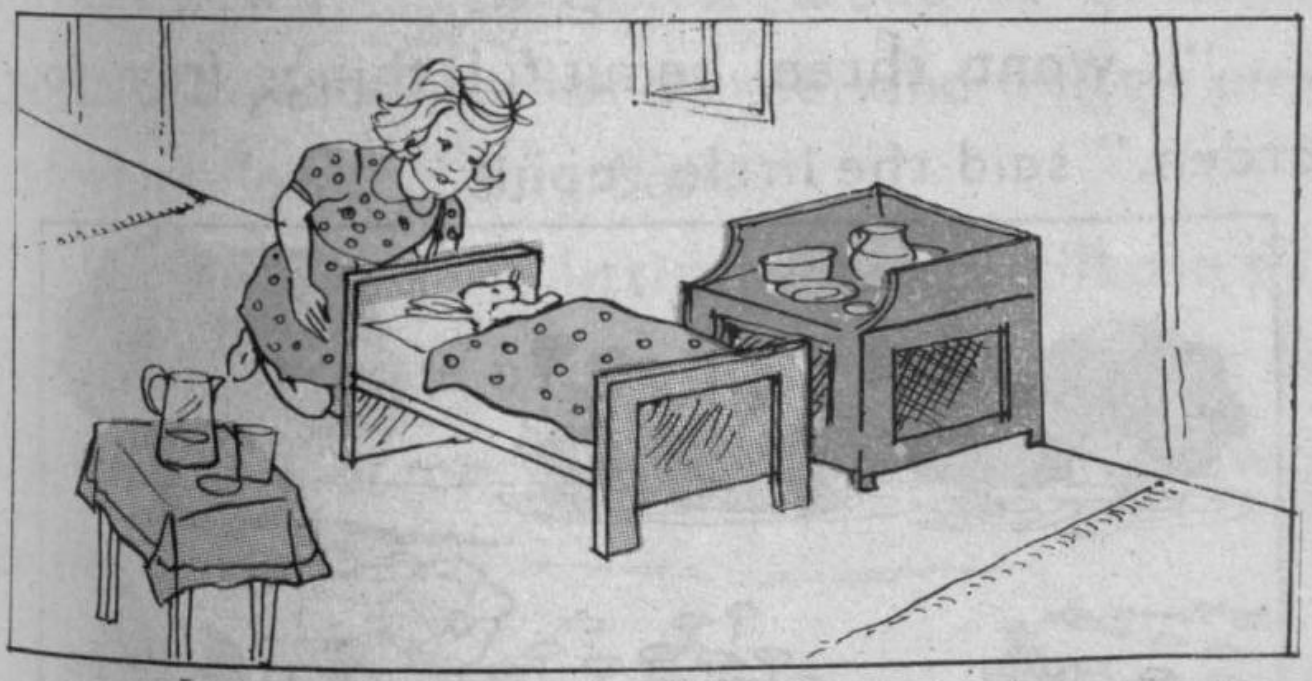
stopped and said : "Poor little rabbit, I can see your leg is broken. I can see you are hungry and thirsty. I cannot go to school now and leave you here. My Mother may be angry, and my teacher may be angry, but I must take you home with me."

So she took the little white rabbit in her arms, and went home with her.

Safia's Mother saw her and said : "Safia, you are a naughty little girl. Why did you not go to school this morning? Why did you come home? And why did you bring that little white rabbit home with you?"

"I saw her at the side of the road, Mother said Safia. "She has a broken leg, and she is hungry and thirsty. I must look after her."

"Very well," said her mother, "you may stay at home to-day and look after the little rabbit."



Safia put her little rabbit in her doll's bed. She gave her something to eat and water to drink.

"Thank you, dear Safia," said the little white rabbit. That food and water were very

nice. I am not hungry and thirsty now. But my broken leg hurts, and I cannot walk and run. Please get me something to make my leg better."

"What do you want?" Safia asked. "What can make your leg better?"

"I want three beautiful things from your garden," said the little rabbit.

Safia went into the garden. She picked a tall green blade of grass, a brown and yellow

leaf of a tree, and a little pink and white flower.

She brought them all back to the little rabbit.

"What did you get?" asked the white rabbit.

"I picked a tall green blade of grass, a brown and yellow leaf of a tree, and a little pink and white flower," said Safia.

"Good," said the little rabbit. "Please put them all down here beside me. Put the grass on the left, the leaf on the right, and the flower between them."

Safia did so.

Suddenly, the brown and yellow leaf became a beautiful, long red coat; the pink and yellow flower became a golden crown; and the blade of green grass became a magic wand.

And the little white rabbit became a tall and lovely fairy.

"Dear Safia," said the fairy, "you are a good, kind little girl. This morning you did three good things to help the little white rabbit.

You gave her food to eat and water to drink. Her leg was broken. You went to the garden and got something to make it better. The little rabbit was unhappy, and you made her happy again."

"Now," said the fairy, "I must do three good things for you."

The fairy touched Safia's head with her magic wand three times.

With the first touch I give you many friends. You will be a friendly little girl with many friends.

With the Second touch I give you happiness.

You will always feel happy and you will be liked by all.

And with the third touch I make you a good girl.

You will be good at your lessons. The teachers will all like you very much.

"Thank you, dear fairy," said Safia.

"God bless you, little Safia," said the fairy. And suddenly, the fairy was not there.

After that, Safia grew pretty. Everyone said so.

She liked her school, and had many friends. And she was always very, very happy.

THE NEW HOME

Mr. and Mrs. Ashraf and their children are going to live in a new house.

Before that they lived in the city. Their house was not a big one, and there were many other houses and shops near it. The street outside their home was sometimes dirty. They did not like the house, but it was cheap.

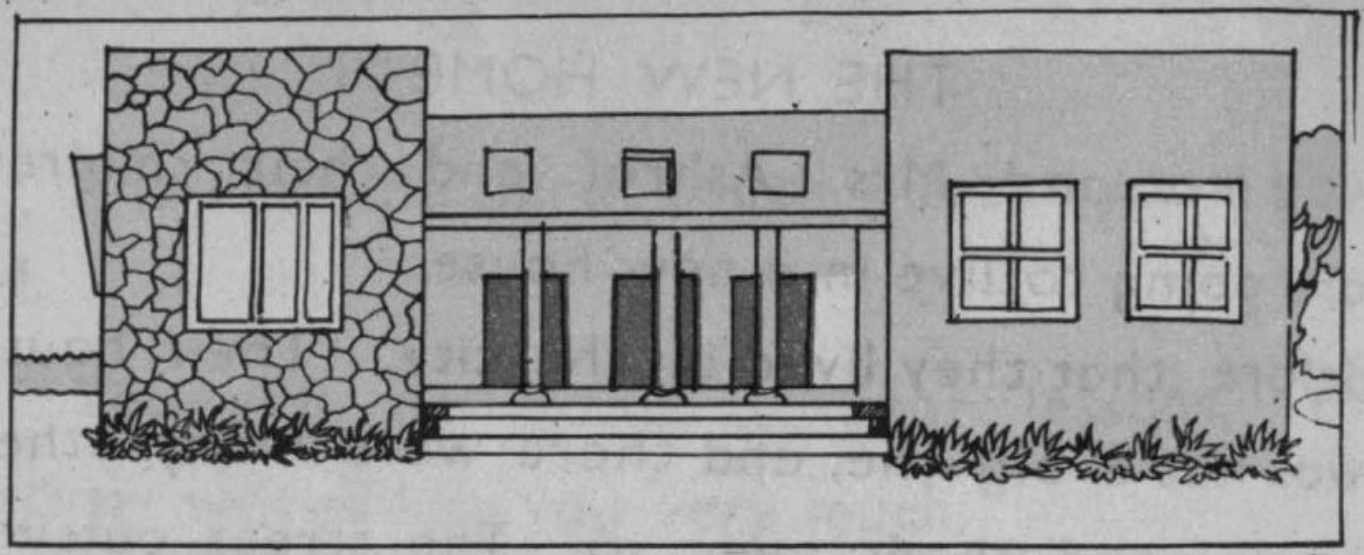
Now Mr. Ashraf gets more money, so he is taking Mrs. Ashraf and the children to a nice new house.

Do you remember the children, Salim, Aslam, and Seema? Salim is ten years old, Aslam is seven, and Seema is six.

You can see their new home in this picture.

"I like my new home," says Seema.

"It is OUR new home," says Mr. Ashraf. 'It is for all of us. It is your home and Aslam's



home, Salim's, and Mother , and my home."

Now they are all standing on the verandah.

"What is that building, Father ?" says Aslam. He points to one.

"That is the garage," says Mr. Ashraf. "It is for a car. Now I can buy a car and put it

in the garage."

Seema is pointing to another building.

"What is that one for, Mother ?" she asks.

"That is a house for the servants," says Mrs. Ashraf. "They work in our house but live in that one."

Now they all go through the big door into the house. Now they are in the lounge Mr. Ashraf points to a little door.

"Through that door is the dining room," he says. Then he points to two other doors.

"Through those doors," he says, "are the bedrooms. There are four bedrooms : two on the left and two on the right."

"Where is the kitchen ?" asks Mrs. Ashraf.

"It is next to the dining-room," says Mr. Ashraf.

"Where can we play ?" asks Aslam. "I do

not see the garden. Is there a garden, Father?'

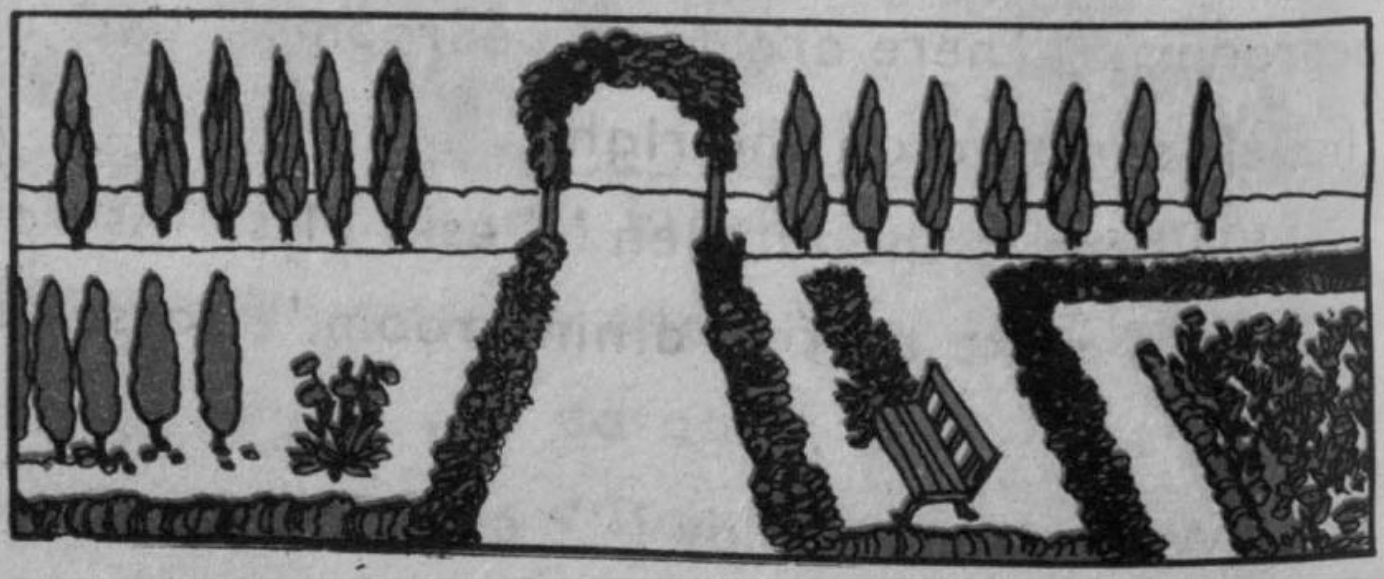
"Yes, there is," says Mr. Ashraf. "It is behind the house. Let's go there now.'

They all go through the house into the garden.

"This is a nice big garden," says Salim. "We can all play in it."

" Mother, may we play in it now ? " asks Seema.

"You may play here in the hot weather," says Mrs. Ashraf, "and you may play in the lounge in the cold weather."



Next day, Mr. and Mrs. Ashraf and the three children took all their things from the old house in the city to their new home, and went to live there.

They are living there now.

Pimple Dimple

Once there was a poor farmer He had no sons, but he had a daughter, and he loved her very much.

One day the farmer said to his friends: 'My daughter is a very clever girl. She can spin straw into gold."

His friends laughed, and told this to other people. Soon someone told the King of that country about it. This King was very rich, but also very greedy. So he came to the farmer's home, and said: "Farmer, can your daughter spin straw into gold?"

"Yes, sir," said the farmer, "she is a very clever girl She can do that."

"Send her to my palace," said the King.

The farmer's daughter came to the King's palace, and the King took her into a little room. It was full of straw.

"Spin all this straw into gold for me," said the King, and off he went.

The poor girl sat down on a little chair, and cried. She could not spin straw into gold.

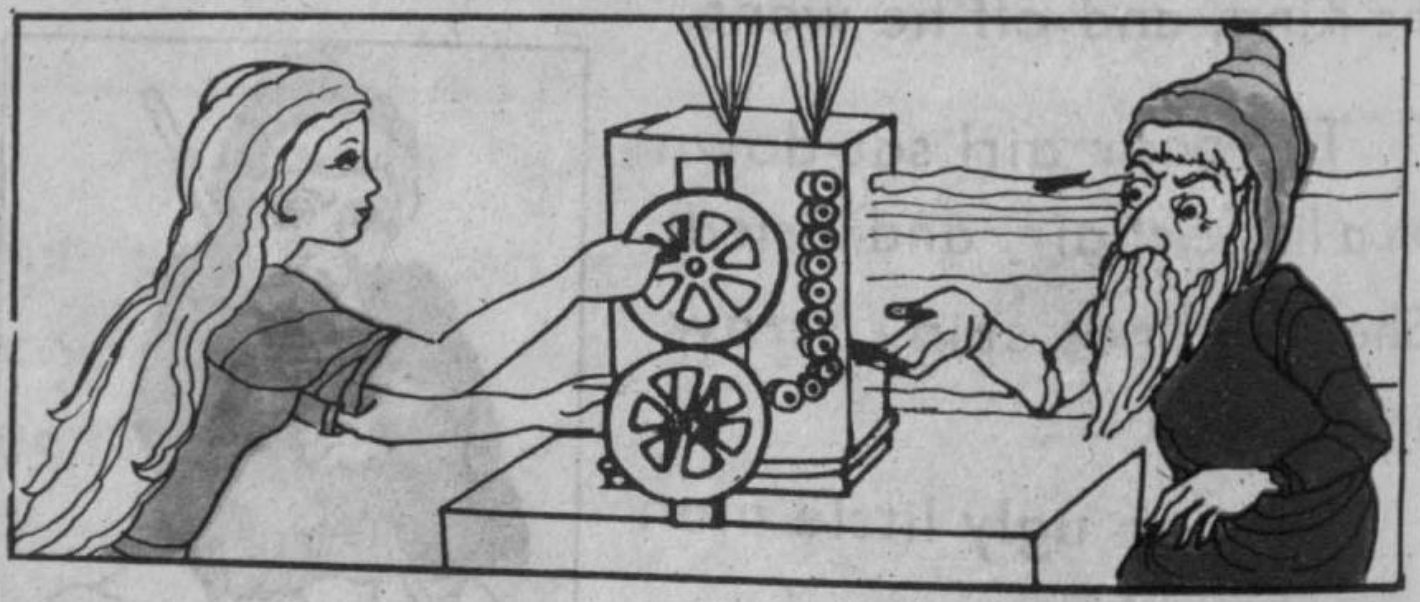
Then an ugly little man came into the room.

"Why are you crying?" he asked. The poor girl told him her story.

"Perhaps I can help you," said the little man. "But first you must give me a present."

"I can give you this ring on my finger," said the girl.

"Very well," said the ugly little man. He sat down and spun all the straw into gold. Then he went away with the ring.



The King came and saw all the lovely gold. He was very pleased, but he was also very greedy. So next day he took the farmer's daughter into another room full of straw.

"Spin all this straw into gold for me," said the greedy King, and off he went again.

Again the poor girl sat down and cried, and again the ugly little man came into the room.

"What can you give me to-day?" he asked.

"I can give you this bangle round my arm," said the farmer's daughter.

"Very well," said the little man. He sat down, spun the straw into gold, and went away with the bangle.

Soon the King came back and saw all the lovely gold. He was very, very pleased, but also very, very greedy. So next day he took the girl into another very big room full of straw.

"Spin all this straw into gold for me," he said, "and you may marry me and be my Queen."

Then off he went.

Soon the ugly little man came into the room.

"What can you give me to-day?" he asked

"I have nothing more," said the poor girl.

"Then you must marry the King," said the little man, "and give me your first little baby."

"Very well," she said.

So the little man sat down, and soon spun all the straw into gold. Then he went away.

The King came back and saw all that lovely gold. He was very pleased indeed. Next day he married the farmer's daughter, and she became his Queen.

Soon the Queen had her first little baby Son. She was very happy, and loved her little son very much.

But one day the ugly little man came to the palace.

"Remember your promise," he said to the

Queen, "and give me your baby son."

The poor Queen cried and cried. She did not want to give her baby to the ugly little man. He felt sorry for her.

"Tell me my name in three days," he said, "and you may Keep your baby." Then he went away.

Next day, and the day after that, the little

man came to the palace, and the Queen asked, "Is your name Peter? Is it Tom? Is it Aslam? Is your name John? Is it Ivan? Is it Kamran?"

"No, no, no," laughed the little man, "that's not my name."

Then a servant came to the Queen, and said: "I saw that ugly little man in a wood near the palace. He laughed and danced and sang this little song:

'Now the Queen's first son I claim;
Pimple Dimple is my name.'

Now the Queen was very happy.

Soon the little man came to the palace. He laughed and said: "Now tell me my name."

"Perhaps your name is Pimple Dimple said the Queen.

The little man was very, very angry. He

shouted and stamped his foot. But everyone laughed at him.

Then he ran away, and they never saw him again after that.

SWEET AND LOW

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow
Blow him again to me ;
While my little one, while my pretty one sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;

Father will come to his babe in the nest,

Silver sails all out of the west

Under the silver moon ;

Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

Alfred Tennyson

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قومی ترانہ

پاک سَر زمین شاد باد　　کِشورِ حسین شاد باد
تُو نِشانِ عزمِ عالی شان　　ارضِ پاکِستان
مرکزِ یقین شاد باد
پاک سَر زمین کا نِظام　　قُوّتِ اُخوّتِ عوام
قوم، مُلک، سَلطنت　　پائندہ، تابندہ باد
شاد باد منزلِ مُراد
پرچم، سِتارہ و ہِلال　　رہبرِ تَرقّی و کمال
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